The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 57
WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE 59
THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 61
THE READER—
Lord Macaulay. By Thomas Seccombe 63
The Choice of Books: John Dryden. By Ranger 68
The "Bookman" Prize Competitions 71
NEW BOOKS—
A Literary History of England. By George Saintsbury 72
Mr. Paul's Essays. By R. C. Lehmann 74
Mr. Yeats's New Poems. By H. C. Beeching 74
Mrs. Gaskell. By William E. A. Axon 75
Evelyn's Diary. By J. H. Lobban 78
Empress of the French. By Thomas Lloyd 80
Kipling the Mystic. By Alfred Noyes 81
Rousseau, Diderot, and Grimm. By William Barry 82
The Modern Papacy. By T. A. Lacey 83
The Actor and His Art 84
Oriental Religion. By Edward Clodd 86
Lord Rosebery on Lord Randolph. By Herbert Maxwell 87
Veteran Memories. By Oliver Elton 87
Social Silhouettes. By Y. Y. ... 88
The Youth of a Critic. By Elizabeth Lee 89
The Letters of Erasmus. By T. E. Page 90
Sophy of Kravonia. By F. Emily Phillips 91
The Gate of Death. By Stephen Reynolds 92
Reminiscences of Irving. By F. G. Bettany 92
NOVEL NOTES—
Listener's Lure—The Second Book of Tobiah—A Drama in Sunshine—The Wages of Pleasure—The Dumpling—A Princess of Vascovy—The Pillar of Cloud—The Lady Evelyn—Fisherman's Gat—The Eglamore Portraits—The Tides of Barnegat—I Know a Maiden 94-96
THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
Months at the Lakes—William Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford—Thoughts on Imperial and Social Subjects—Circuit Companions—A Short History of Wales—The Voyage on the "Scotia"—From Fox's Earth to Mountain Tarn 96-98
NOTES ON NEW BOOKS 98
NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 99

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.
No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We understand that Professor Oliver Elton has now completed his biography of Professor York Powell, and that the work will be published by the Clarendon Press in the beginning of December. One of the two volumes will contain a selection from York Powell's letters and occasional writings.

Considerable interest was evoked on the publication of "The Author's Progress" as to the identity of the author, "Adam Lorimer." We understand that the writer is Mr. William Lorimer Watson, who a few years ago wrote an admirable historical romance entitled "Sir Sergeant."

Mr. Sidney Lee's forthcoming volume on "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage" includes a number of studies on much controverted topics of to-day. It also has much information upon Mr. Benson's Shakespearean adventures and his special rôle as a mentor and guide to young actors of promise.

We understand that a new volume in the English Men of Letters Series on William Morris has been entrusted to Mr. Alfred Noyes. Mr. Noyes, at a very early age, has already achieved success both as a poet and as a critic, and his monograph will be looked forward to with much interest. We believe Mr. Noyes—himself, like Morris, an Exeter College man—has been fortunate enough to discover in the archives of an Exeter College magazine some interesting poems of Morris, which have escaped the eyes of former editors.

"Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century" is the title of an important work which will be issued by the Oxford University Press in the beginning of next year. Edited by the distinguished American scholar, Professor J. E. Spingarn, the volumes will form a continuation of the work begun so brilliantly, two years ago, by Professor Gregory Smith, in his "Elizabethan Critical Essays."

It is probably only the critics themselves who object to "introductions" served up with reprints of the standard classics. A few years ago the fashion certainly waned, and publishers vied with one another in offering the pure text, and nothing but the text. But the "introduction" has again reappeared more flourishing than ever. In one series alone—Messrs. Jack's "Golden Poets"—we observe the names of Mr. Yeats, Mr. Symons, Mr. Benson, Canon Beeching, Mr. Birrell, as writers of the "introduction." And Mr. Henry Frowde baits his tempting list of reprints with the names of Mr. Dobson, Mr. Buxton Forman, Mr. Watts-Dunton, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Quiller-Couch, etc.

We confess that we like "introductions," and very rarely find them an excrescence or an impertinence. However well you may know a book, it is certain that an introduction by a capable critic will introduce you

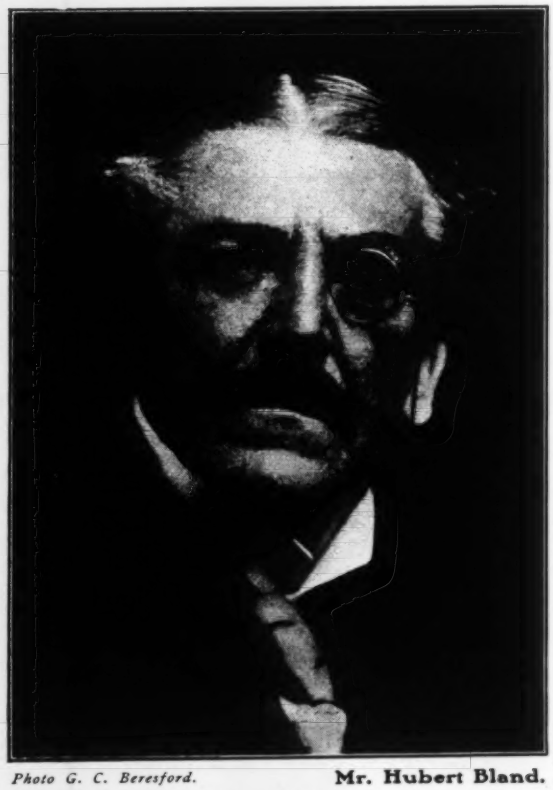

Photo G. C. Beresford. **Mr. Hubert Bland.**
Author of "Letters to a Daughter."

to *some* new points of view. And even if it is bad, it may at least do the reader the service of quickening his interest by provoking his antagonism. To read an "introduction" is, to many, the only substitute for the bookman's greatest delight—to discuss his favourite with a friend.

The "general public"—the more scholarly and erudite refer to it as "the general"—is a term that still eludes classification and definition. To narrow the discussion, we ask, who buy all the six-shilling novels? We have asked all our acquaintances in Fleet Street, but they took the inquiry as a personal affront. They never *bought* novels; they reviewed them, and sold them, and they never knew anyone who did buy them. The question remains—who are they who rush X's romance into a sixth edition?

Mr. Sylvanus Urban, who recently and with great success, has donned once more, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, his eighteenth century mantle, declares that the chief buyer of novels is the publican. Some years ago we asked the manager of a famous Scottish lending library who were his best customers for fiction, and the answer was, curiously enough, the same—the publican. The inference we dare not draw. Is the mysterious "general public" a euphemism for the "publican," who, even in his literary moments, has a passion for small beer?

Inspired in a measure, no doubt, by our last year's Christmas Number, either the cover or contents of which (our readers will charitably assume both) proved so attractive that it has long been at a premium of over 200 per cent. in catalogues, we understand that a souvenir of Mr. Barrie's immortal fantasia is in course of preparation, with elaborate illustrations and letterpress, by Mr. Daniel O'Connor, who is also largely responsible for "Peter Pan" crackers and a "Peter Pan" toy.

An extensive clearance in the upper shelves of the Reading-room at the British Museum suggests that accommodation is being made for the present and future issues of "Everyman's Library," the programme of which is being rapidly extended to include every work referred to in the "Bookman History of English Literature," and nearly as much beside. Attractive and popular as these volumes justly are, the most compendiously entertaining cheap reprint we have yet encountered is "A Book of Humorous Verse," in Hutchinson's Tenpenny Series.

A new volume in the rapidly growing series of "Religions: Ancient and Modern" (to which Islam and the Religion of Ancient Rome are just about to be added) is to be devoted to Shintoism. Owing to the lamented death of Mr. Lafcadio Hearn (to whom the volume was originally assigned) it is to be undertaken, we believe, by Mr. W. G. Aston, the well-known authority on Japanese Literature.

Among the French publications of the new month, the two most looked out for, perhaps, will probably be two highly-priced art publications, Professor Andrè Michel's extremely elaborate and superbly illustrated work on Boucher and Anatole France's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," with facsimile MS. text and thirty-six compositions in colour. For those of our readers who purpose spending five to six guineas on a Christmas book, we can cordially recommend either.

Among the magazines of the "Fall," there is a piece of opportunism, an article with the autumn tints upon it and a genuine fruitage of the best seventeenth century prose masters, which we can praise unreservedly to our readers. It is a beautiful essay, "On Growing Old," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the authorship of it has given rise to considerable speculation.

In an interesting article on "The King's English," the *Mercure de France* points out how the very elasticity of English grammar and syntax renders solecisms variegated and frequent. Yet a very similar volume on banalities and idiotisms (in the English sense) in current French literature was issued a few years ago by Marcel Schwob, under the rather obscure title of "Moeurs des Diurnales."

To Macaulay's publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., we are indebted for their kind permission to reproduce a large number of interesting illustrations.

The illustrations from the new edition of "Evelyn's Diary" are reproduced by the courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

In our issue of last month we had occasion to intimate THE BOOKMAN'S change of address. Our readers will be interested in the illustration we give of the new premises acquired by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, containing the offices of THE BOOKMAN and the various other periodicals issued by the firm.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO OCTOBER 20TH, 1906.

The extent of the literary output during the past month has been phenomenal, and the various wholesale houses have been put to a severe strain in order adequately to deal with the ceaseless flow of publications from day to day. To this has been added a considerable amount of anxiety in connection with the dispute between the Times Book Club and the Publishers, backed up by the Booksellers' Association.

The autumn of 1905 was especially productive of interesting biographical works, and the present season appears to be no less so. Already we have had "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving"; "Dickens," by Chesterton; "Social Silhouettes"; Sir Evelyn Wood's "From Midshipman to Field Marshal"; "Isabella Bird"; William M. Rossetti; "Queen Louise of Prussia"; and last, but far from least, "The Life of Sir George Williams," a volume which deserves the careful perusal of every young man, for many a youth on coming to town friendless and unknown has had occasion to bless the founder of the Y.M.C.A. for the help and counsel there received.

Children's wares are well represented, and among the popular items at present are the "Orange Fairy Book," the new "Golliwogg," and the two issues of "Buster Brown."

The chatty volume of "Wanderings in London," by E. V. Lucas, has gone well, and a continued demand for "France in 1802" has been experienced.

Webb's "English Local Government," the new and cheaper issue of Haeckel's "Evolution," together with the revised edition of Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," have also been well to the fore.

Quite a revived demand for Mrs. Gaskell's works has followed the issue of the new Knutsford Edition, and the volumes thus far issued have met with much success.

The chief items in Technical Books for the higher schools have been Fieldhouse's "Commercial Bookkeeping," the "Elementary" and the "Advanced Building Instruction," by C. F. and G. A. Mitchell, together with Abbott's "English Lessons."

There are numerous booklets, more or less of a religious or poetical tendency, which bid fair to again replace cards in the season's greetings.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Treasure of Heaven. By Marie Corelli. (Constable.)
Puck of Pook's Hill. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)
The Cruise of the Dazzler. By Jack London. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Lady Betty Across the Water. By C. and A. Williamson. (Methuen.)
The Viper of Milan. By Marjorie Bowen. (Alston Rivers.)
No Friend Like a Sister. By Rosa N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
Prisoners. By Mary Cholmondeley. (Hutchinson.)
Trials of Commander McTurk. By C. J. Hyne (Murray.)
I Will Repay. By Baroness Orczy. (Greening.)
Fisherman's Gat. By E. Noble. (Blackwood.)
Sophy of Kravonia. By Anthony Hope. (Arrowsmith.)
Lady Fitzmaurice's Husband. By A. Kenealy. (Chapman and Hall.)
Benita. By H. Rider Haggard. (Cassell.)
White Plumes of Navarre. By S. R. Crockett. (Religious Tract Society.)
In the Days of the Comet. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.)
A Sovereign Remedy. By Flora A. Steel. (Heinemann.)

Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving. By Bram Stoker. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Heinemann.)
Charles Dickens. By G. K. Chesterton. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
Social Silhouettes. By G. W. E. Russell. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)
From Midshipman to Field-Marshal. By Sir Evelyn Wood. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Methuen.)
Sir George Williams. By J. E. Hodder Williams. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
A Wanderer in London. By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Methuen.)
George Herbert and His Times. By A. G. Hyde. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
Evolution of Man. By E. Haeckel. 2s. net. (Watts.)
The Orange Fairy Book. By A. Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)
Buster Brown's Pranks. By R. F. Outcault. 3s. 6d. net. (Chambers.)
Quiet Talks on Jesus. By S. D. Gordon. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Abbott's English Lessons. 4s. 6d. (Seeley.)

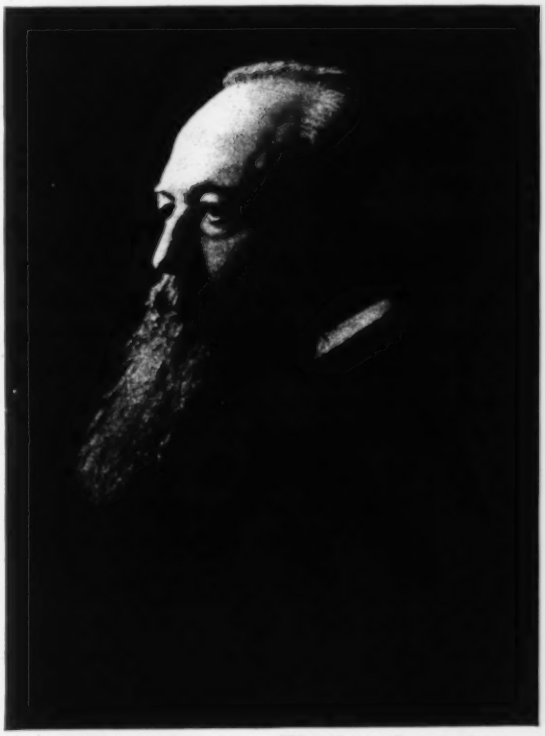

Photo Elliott and Fry. **The Late Lord Acton.**

J. J. Jusserand.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

Quiet Talks on Service. By S. D. Gordon. 2s. 6d. net. (Revell.)
Advanced Building Construction. By C. F. and G. A. Mitchell. 5s. 6d. (Batsford.)
Elementary Building Construction. By C. F. and G. A. Mitchell. 3s. 6d. (Batsford.)
Fieldhouse's Commercial Book-keeping. 4s. (Simpkin.)
Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. 21s. net. (Ward, Lock.)
Mrs. Gaskell's Works, Knutsford Edition. Each 4s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)
France in 1802. By H. R. Yorke. 6s. (Heinemann.)

William Stubbs, D.D.,
Bishop of Oxford.
Chancellor of the Order of the Garter (1896).
(Reproduced from the "Letters of William Stubbs," by kind permission of Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd.)

The Bondman. By Hall Caine. 2s. and 6d. (Heinemann.)
Everyman's Library. Various volumes. 1s. net and 2s. net. (Dent.)
Chambers's and Blackie's Tale Books. 1s. to 6s.
Annual volumes.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.
Week ending:
Sept. 29—Brisk in all departments.
Oct. 6—A continued activity in the home trade.
" 13—Demand well sustained.
" 20—A slight slackening. Export brisk.

(2) SCOTLAND.

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO OCTOBER 19TH, 1906.

The trade report for the month, we regret, has not been satisfactory. During the first week business was quite up to the usual standard for the season, since then there has been a decided falling off. However, we are hopeful that the month now begun will make up this deficiency. The school-book season now being over, and the tourist having gone south, the trade is now busy stocking up for the bookseller's harvest, the Christmas Season.

In biography we have several important volumes, which are selling well—largely so for library use. Here are lives of great leaders of men in peace and in war, also the life of one of our greatest lady travellers. The most outstanding of these are Sir Evelyn Wood's Life, "From Midshipman to Field-Marshal"; the Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson's "Life of Griffith John," the story of fifty years in China; "Life of Sir George Williams," the father of the Young Men's Christian Association, by J. E. Hodder Williams; "The Life of Isabella Bird," by Anna M. Stoddart; "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving," by Bram Stoker, his Private Secretary; and Lord Rosebery's "Lord Randolph Churchill." This last volume was suddenly announced to the trade by the reviews in the morning papers; this, we think, was a huge mistake, and did not aid the sale of the book, as the booksellers had not this important work to meet orders on publication.

Morley's "Life of Gladstone," and G. K. Chesterton's "Life of Dickens," are still in good demand.

A handsome volume just issued by W. Blackwood and Sons is of especial interest to all Scots, being a record of the Scottish Antarctic Expedition. It is titled "The Voyage of the Scotia, a Record of Exploration in Antarctic Seas," written by three of the staff. The orders on subscription have been very encouraging, and we expect great things of this book during the coming season.

Kipling's new volume for young people, "Puck of Pook's Hill," is selling well.

A new shilling edition of Smiles' famous book, "Self-Help," which is done up in an appropriate cover, is going off well.

The new collected pocket edition of the Poems of R. L. Stevenson promises to be one of the successes of the season.

For the Christmas season we are despatching piles of "Chatterbox," and other annual volumes, and also large quantities of juvenile literature written by favourite authors for the younger generation.

The following volumes were also in demand:—"The

Social Life of Scotland in the 18th Century," by H. G. Graham; the new volumes of "Everyman's Library"; "From Fox's Earth to Mountain Tarn," by J. H. Crawford; "Whittier" and "Spenser" in Jack's "Golden Poets" Series; the Poetical Works of Walter C. Smith, and the Pocket Edition of Thos. Hardy's Works.

Orders are being well booked for the new Pentland Edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's Works, and we are having some enquiries for the National Edition of Dickens.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Prisoners. By Mary Cholmondeley. (Hutchinson.)
The Viper of Milan. By Marjorie Bowen. (Alston Rivers.)
The Call of the Blood. By Robert Hichens. (Methuen.)
Sophy of Kravonia. By Anthony Hope. (Arrowsmith.)
I Will Repay. By Baroness Orczy. (Greening.)
Benita. By H. R. Haggard. (Cassell.)
The Wages of Pleasure. By J. A. Steuart. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Car of Destiny. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen.)
A Drama in Sunshine. By H. A. Vachell. (Nash.)
White Plumes of Navarre. By S. R. Crockett. (Religious Tract Society.)
The Dumpling. By Coulson Kernahan. (Cassell.)
In the Days of the Comet. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.)
The Lady Evelyn. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Fisherman's Gat. By E. Noble. (Blackwood.)
No Friend Like a Sister. By Rosa N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
The Saint. By Antonio Fogazzaro. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Treasure of Heaven. By Marie Corelli. (Constable.)
Puck of Pook's Hill. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)

Miscellaneous.

From Midshipman to Field-Marshal. By Sir Evelyn Wood. 25s. net. (Methuen.)
Griffith John: The Story of Fifty Years in China. By Rev. R. W. Thompson. 7s. 6d. net. (Religious Tract Society.)
The Life of Sir George Williams. By J. E. Hodder Williams. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving. By Bram Stoker. 25s. net. (Heinemann.)
The Life of Isabella Bird. By Anna M. Stoddart. 18s. net. (Lane.)
Life of Gladstone. By John Morley. 2 vols. 5s. each net. (Macmillan.)
The Poetical Works of Walter C. Smith. 4s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)
The Voyage on the Scotia. By Three of the Staff. 21s. net. (Blackwood.)
The Golden Poets. "Spenser" and "Keats." 2s. 6d. net each. (Jack.)
Edinburgh Sermons. By Hugh Black. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
From Fox's Earth to Mountain Tarn. By J. H. Crawford. 10s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

From November 1 to December 1.

Mr. George Allen.

BARRINGTON, MRS. RUSSELL.—Life of Lord Leighton. 42s. net.
LAYARD, G. SOMES.—Letter Bag of Sir Thomas Lawrence. 15s. net.
BAYLISS, SIR WYKE.—Olives. 15s. net.
MAETERLINCK.—Old-Fashioned Flowers. 3s. 6d. net.
RUSKIN, JOHN.—Modern Painters, I., II., and VI. 1s. per vol. net. Leather, 1s. 6d. per vol. net. Modern Painters, III. IV. V. Stones of Venice. 3 vols. Seven Lamps of Architecture. Cloth, 1s. 6d. per vol. net. Leather, 2s. per vol. net.

Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd.

HORNADAY, WILLIAM T.—Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies. Seventy Illustrations from Photos by J. M. Phillips, and Two Maps. 16s. net.
RUDY, CHARLES.—Cathedrals of Northern Spain. Many Illustrations. 6s. net
BECKE, LOUIS.—Sketches in Normandy. Illustrated. 6s. net.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's New Offices, Warwick Square, E.C.

LANG, ELSIE M.—Literary London. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. Forty photos specially taken by W. J. Roberts. 6s. net.
JOHNSON, TRENCH H.—Phrases and Names: their origins and meanings. 6s. net.
Decorated cover. 6s.
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN, AND ARNOLD BENNETT.—Sinews of War.
VACARESCO, HELENE.—The King's Wife. 6s.
DRAKE, MAURICE.—The Salving of a Derelict. 6s.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

PENNINGTON, W. H.—Sea, Camp, and Stage: being the narrative of the life of one who took part in the famous Balaclava Charge of the Light Brigade. 1s.
WARREN BELL, R. S.—Cox's Cough Drops: A humorous story of school life. Illustrated by J. Skelton. 3s. 6d.
BINGHAM, CLIFTON.—Songs Without Music: a collection of Lyrics.

Messrs. Cassell and Co.

SALAMAN, MALCOLM C.—The King's Empire. 2 vols. 12s. each. The Cathedrals of England and Wales. 2 vols. 21s. net per set. The Old Engravers of England in their Relation to Contemporary Life and Art. 5s. net.
BURTON, WILLIAM, F.C.S.—Porcelain: A Sketch of its Nature, Art, and Manufacture. 7s. 6d. net.

EAST, ALFRED, A.R.A.—Landscape Painting in Oil Colour. 10s. 6d. net.
KENNEDY, BART.—Wander Pictures. 6s.
CLAY, BERTHA M.—The Ironmaster's Daughter. 3s. 6d.
LEWIS, A. H.—The Throwback. 6s.
KEARTON, R., F.Z.S.—Nature's Carol Singers. 5s. British Birds' Nests. 21s. net.
CHURCH, REV. PROF. A. J., M.A.—Pope's Homer's Iliad. Pocket Edition. Cloth 2s. net, leather 3s. net.
BREUL, KARL, M.A., Litt.D. (Cam.).—Cassell's New German Dictionary." Cloth, 7s. 6d. net, half leather 10s. 6d. net.
PARRY, D. H.—Britain's Roll of Glory. 6s.
HASLUCK, PAUL N.—Textile Fabrics and their Preparation for Dyeing. Mordants, Methods, and Machinery used in Dyeing. Colouring Matters and Dyes. 2s. each.

The Clarendon Press.

SAINTSBURY, G.—The Minor Caroline Poets. Vol. 2. 10s. 6d. net.
YORK POWELL, F.—Life, Letters, and Writings of. Ed. Prof. Elton. 2 Vols.
BEAZLEY, C. R.—The Dawn of Modern Geography. Vol. 3. 15s. net.
MARCUS AURELIUS.—The Thoughts of. Translated by John Jackson. (Oxford Library of Translations.) 3s. 6d. net.
Sea Songs and Ballads. Selected by C. R. Stone. Introduction by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge. (Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry.) 2s. 6d. net.
COBBETT, W.—Advice to Young Men. Introduction by H. L. Stephen. (Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry.) 2s. 6d. net.
COBBETT, W.—Grammar Introduction, H. L. Stephen. (Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry.) 2s. 6d. net.
Keats's Complete Poetical Works. Ed. H. Buxton Forman. 7s. 6d. net.
TACITUS.—Annals. Ed. C. D. Fisher. (Oxford Clinical Texts.) 6s.

Messrs. Constable and Co.

BISLAND, ELIZABETH.—Life of Lafcadio Hearn. 2 vols. 24s. net.
LANCIANI, RUDOLFO.—Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome. 21s. net.
FYVIE, JOHN.—Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era. 12s. 6d. net.
PERRY, BLISS.—Walt Whitman: His Life and Work. 6s. net.
SICHEL, WALTER.—Emma, Lady Hamilton. 7s. 6d. net.
AUSTIN, MARY.—The Flock. 6s. net.
WHITE, GLEESON.—English Illustration, 1857-1870. 12s. 6d. net.
WARREN, KATE M.—Treasury of English Literature. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Dent and Co.

WHITING, MARY BRADFORD.—The Plough of Shame: a Novel. 6s.
MILLINGTON, J. P., B.Sc., M.A.—John Dalton. (English Men of Science Series.) 2s. 6d. net.
Ferrers-Howell, A. G., and E. C. M. Benecke, Translators. Chronicle of Dino Compagni. Temple Classics. Cloth 1s. 6d. net, leather 2s. net.

Messrs. Duckworth and Co.

LETHARBY, W. R.—Westminster Abbey and the King's Craftsmen. 12s. 6d. net.
MAITLAND, PROFESSOR.—Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen. 18s. net.
HEADLEY, F. W.—Life and Evolution. 8s. net.
HUTTON, F. W.—Perugino. 2s. net, 2s. 6d. net.
HUEFFER, F. M.—Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood 2s. 6d. net.
ECKENSTEIN, LINA.—Comparative Studies in Nursery Rhymes. 5s. net.
ROBERTS, W.—Sir William Beechey. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Gay and Bird.

LINCOLN, J. CROSBY.—Mr. Pratt. 6s.
VIVIAN, EVELYN C. H.—Shadow of Christine. 6s.
BARR, JAMES.—Witchery of the Serpent. 6s.
PHILLIPS, DAVID GRAHAM.—Social Secretary. 5s.
HERFORD, OLIVER.—Bold Bad Butterfly. 3s. 6d. net. Little Book of Bores. 2s. 6d. net. Artful Antics. 3s. 6d. net
HAYOE, O. B.—Foolish Etiquette. 3s. 6d.
WHITING, LILIAN.—From Dream to Vision of Life. 4s. 6d. net.
DRESSER, H. W.—Greater Truths. 3s. 6d. each.
SPENSLEY, MRS. CALVERT.—A Sheaf of Song. 1s. net.
FITZGERALD, PERCY.—Gems from Boswell. 2s. 6d. net.
KREHBILL, H. E.—Beethoven. Mozart. 4s. 6d. net each.
BUNTING, FREEMAN.—Love Letters of Famous Persons. 3s. 6d. net.
BEATLEY, G. H.—Power of Gems and Charms. 3s. 6d. net.
REMINGTON, FREDERIC.—The Way of an Indian. 5s.
SCHLOESSER, FRANK.—The Greedy Book. 5s. net.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

RAMSAY, PROF. W. M.—Pauline and Other Studies. 12s.
MACLAREN, REV. ALEX., D.D.—Deuteronomy to 2 Kings vii. 2 Vols. (Expositions of Holy Scripture.) 7s. 6d.
DRIVER, PROF. S. R., D.D.—The Book of the Prophet Jeremiah. 6s.
MOFFATT, REV. JAMES, D.D.—The Epistle of James and St. Jude. (Literary Illustrations of the Bible.) 1s. 6d. net.
CECIL, REV. LORD WM. GASCOYNE.—Science and Religion. 3s. 6d. net.
NICOLL, REV. W. R., D.D.—The Lamp of Sacrifice. 6s.
SMITH, REV. DAVID, M.A.—The Pilgrim's Hospice. 3s. 6d.
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THE READER.

LORD MACAULAY.

By Thomas Seccombe.

IN the very interesting foreword to the "Essays" which he wrote no more than three years ago, Mr. F. C. Montague suggests that the majority of well-read persons to-day would be half-ashamed to own that they admire Macaulay. If this were a just charge, I could be well content to belong to the minority, or I would, at a pinch, gladly be set down as an illiterate rather than deny my allegiance to Macaulay, as the second, nay, as the first, of English historians, and second only to Thucydides. Mr. Montague's pronouncement is just three years too late. Macaulay, it must be remembered, died when he was under sixty. His work was not sufficiently challenged during his lifetime. The generation that followed, as represented by John Paget, Cotter Morrison, Sir Leslie Stephen, and John Morley, took a very just and a very human exception to the estimate which seemed to claim for Macaulay that he had achieved for History, the most sublime of all the literary arts after Epic and Dramatic poetry, what no other man of letters had ever achieved, namely, perfection. The result of a protracted astronomic survey was a very sensible diminution in the corona of Macaulay's fame. So vigorous and many-sided was the attack that even Macaulay's gigantic reputation perceptibly suffered. True, but only for a time. As in the somewhat cognate case of Dickens, the period of occultation was well over by 1903. The natural and healthy reaction has set in, and even at Oxford, among historical dons, the name of Macaulay may now be uttered confidently and without reproach.

In order to get the necessary leverage against the historian, most of Macaulay's critics have praised the private life of the man, until they have modelled him into a close resemblance with a plaster saint, thus justifying the gyp at Trinity, who was in the habit of identifying the four figures on the peristyle of the majestic library as "Faith, Hope, Charity and—Lord Macaulay, sir!" Macaulay does seem, indeed, to have been extraordinarily good-natured (his sister once called him "a lump of good nature") for a man so ineradicably bookish; but his life can hardly be deemed to have been stressful or passionate enough to evoke many of the grander virtues. In native goodness and in the sweetness of his domestic character, Macaulay's nature seems to have had many points in common with Thackeray's. But he had little either of the vanity or nervous irritability which form the background of Thackeray's temperament. And yet Macaulay, too, once get him away from the protective atmosphere of nepotic biography (which will hardly permit any single little foible to be seen, however endearing), was surely not without his little weaknesses as a writing man. These appear mostly in his correspondence with his editor, Macvey Napier, who succeeded Jeffrey in the chair of the *Edinburgh* in 1829—a chair which Macaulay himself might have had if he would have consented to leave London. There was really but one critic of any high degree of competence who ventured to stand up to Macaulay and "mark his man," so to speak, either in Parliament or in the reviews. And it is significant, I cannot but think, to find Macaulay deliberately writing of this man (one to whom England owes something, too), "He might have found real blemishes in my History. Instead of that, he has written with such rancour as to make everybody sick. I could almost pity him. But he is a bad, a very bad man: a scandal to politics and to letters."

Lord Macaulay, from an early portrait.
Rischgitz Collection.

Two of the most determining factors in Macaulay's life were due, I think, directly to the facts of his ancestry. One of his grandfathers was an anti-Jacobite minister of the South-western Highlands, the other was a prominent Quaker-bookseller of Bristol. Almost without knowing it, the future historian grew up a combatant Whig, and like Dr. Johnson and Disraeli, he acquired almost from infancy the instinct of feeling perfectly at home amid a large library of miscellaneous literature. From 1804, when barely four years old, he read incessantly, for the most part lying on the rug before the fire with his book on the ground and a piece of bread and butter in his hand. He soon learnt to read very rapidly; he re-read often, and his memory was prodigious. At seven he essayed an epitome of universal history, and the stirring Lays of Scott moved him to attempt historical epics on his own account. Though he rapidly outgrew his father's strictly puritanic views in religion, he remained perfect in his family—the best, the kindest, most affectionate of sons and brothers. When he went up to Trinity, Cambridge, in October, 1818, his acquirements were already extraordinary. At college he went on accumulating and correlating rather than speculating or analysing. His special mark was made as a talker and declaimer. Tom Macaulay's lamp was burning constantly into the small hours; and the talk exchanged between him and Charles

Austin was probably not much inferior to that of Holland House in its prime. Despite the paucity of his mathematics, Macaulay succeeded in attaining the chief goal of his undergraduate's ambition at Cambridge—a fellowship at Trinity. This was in October, 1824, and in the succeeding ten months he had picked up the style which so astonished Jeffrey, and begun his career as a quarterly essayist, after the model established principally by the efforts of Southey and J. W. Croker.

He was called to the bar from Lincoln's Inn in 1826, but was already committed to a literary rather than a legal ambition by articles in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* and elsewhere, culminating in the essay on Milton in the *Edinburgh* of August, 1825, which made him famous. Here was evidently a rhetorician of the very first order, whose views were clear-cut Whig. A seat was provided for him at Calne (Charles Lamb's beautiful Calne in Wiltshire) in the Parliament of 1830, and Macaulay was hailed, after his first speech, as the coming orator of his party. His speechifying, no doubt, like John Stuart Mill's, raised the tone of debate in the Lower House; but it was, I fancy, a trifle monotonous, and relished by strangers even more than by habitual auditors. His delivery was very rapid and without gesture. His eyes were expressive, but nature had grudged him height and fine proportions, as well as an attractive voice. Homely and stumpy in outline, his head had the same rotundity as his body, and seemed stuck on as firmly and immoveably as a pin-head. For hours before a speech he had an abstracted look, and people who chanced to meet him threading his way unconsciously in the neighbourhood of the Temple, looking at the pavement and moving his lips as in repetition or soliloquy, would observe, "Macaulay is going to give us a speech to-night." In 1831 he took his seat at the dining-table of Holland House, where his historical illustrations and monologues amazed the guests, and were guillotined upon occasion with very little ceremony by the imperious hostess. Even the omniscient and dictatorial Whewell was reduced to the unwonted function of listening when Macaulay was present. Like Gibbon and Lecky, Macaulay talked like a book. Sydney Smith, who prophesied his greatness from the first moment he saw him—on the Northern circuit—called him a "book in breeches." When Tom returned from India, Sydney discerned "brilliant flashes of silence," though he still reflected with pain that Macaulay had missed a large proportion of his most successful jokes: "Poor fellow, he'll be sorry for it one of these days!" Macaulay's faculties were so exceptional as to ensure him the first prizes at the capital's disposal. But as he was never inordinately ambitious or egoistic, so he remained unspoiled by his success. He talked spontaneously upon a long connecting chain of circumstances, somewhat in conversation having operated to fire the train of reminiscence, but he did not talk out of a conceited desire to air his own views or to ventilate paradoxes, of which indeed he had few. He had a strong sense of veneration for historic parties and institutions. Nothing can be finer than his description of his emotion—"I was almost stunned with the sensation"—when first he entered St. Peter's at Rome, or recognised the monument to Dante in the Church of Santa Croce. "I was very near shedding tears as I looked at it and thought of the sufferings of the great poet and of his incomparable genius, and of all the pleasure which I have derived from him, and of his death in exile, and of the late justice of posterity." In December, 1833, he accepted a lucrative post on the Supreme Council of the Governor-General in India. Exile from home and England was most distasteful to him, but he was poor (since his election for Calne he had to sell his Cambridge medals for ready money), and he splendidly resolved not to traffic away his fine literary gift to editors and booksellers, but to earn an independence as quickly as possible, and then, master of time and books, to concentrate his energies upon some self-selected literary undertaking. By useful and durable work in India, from 1834 to 1838, he purchased the coveted independence, and came back to settle in the Albany as a bachelor, and to write his history. After writing "Clive" and "Warren Hastings" (dealing with the two single episodes in Indian history in which English people have ever been induced to take an interest), "Madame D'Arblay," and "Chatham," two of his very finest essays, Macaulay decided to cut his connection with periodical writing,* and to submit his genius to the much severer strain of writing in competition with the historians of antiquity—Herodotus, Thucydides and Tacitus, whom he placed far above Voltaire, Gibbon and Hume. His plan of operations was thus sketched by his own hand: "I will set myself to know the whole subject; to get by reading and travelling a full acquaintance with William's reign . . . and must visit Holland, Belgium, Scotland, Ireland, France; the Dutch archives and French archives must be ransacked. I will see whether anything is to be got from the diplomatic collections. I must see Londonderry, the Boyne, Limerick, Kinsale, Namur again, Landen, Steinkirk. I must turn over hundreds, thousands of pamphlets. Lambeth, the Bodleian and the other Oxford libraries, the Devonshire Papers, the British Museum must be explored, and notes made; and then I shall go to work. When the materials are ready, and the History mapped out in my mind, I ought easily to write on an average two of my pages daily. Then I reckon a year for polishing, retouching, and printing." This referred expressly to the reign of William III. only, but Macaulay exceeded his own heroic plan, exhausting numerous long manuscript diaries (such as Luttrell's), which have only since become available in print. If he had continued the History upon the same "large ordnance" scale from 1685 down to 1830, as he originally proposed, it would have occupied forty thick octavo volumes. And to have brought the work down to the memory of men still living in 1848 would have needed a combination of the genius of Macaulay, the single-mindedness of a Gardiner, the methodical plod of a Trollope, and the

* The enterprise of an American publisher had first brought a selection of the Essays together in an unauthorised edition of 1841. Macaulay, with many scruples as to the reprinting of ephemeral work, authorised an English edition, which soon acquired a vast popularity, in 1843. The splendidly terse and spirited "Lays" had appeared in 1842.

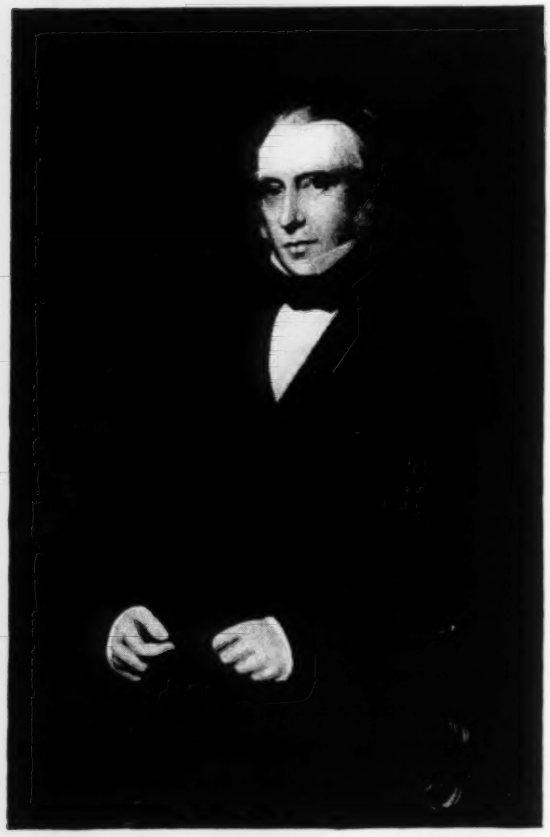
longevity of a Fontenelle. Fiction apart, no modern book has ever had such an *éclatant* success as the first two volumes of the "History," when they appeared in December, 1848. Thirteen thousand were sold in three months—a sale exactly doubled when vols. III. and IV. appeared in 1855. Prince Albert, "who came from a country where the professorial office is held in honour, amazed the successful historian with an offer of the Chair of Modern History at Cambridge" (£400 a year). The work created as great a furore in America as in England; and the "good honest fellow made out of oatmeal," with the "untidy neckcloth," became the biggest lion in Europe. Few resplendent triumphs in letters have been so richly deserved. The "History," as Thackeray justly said, is one long testimonial to the wonderful industry, the honest, humble, previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to make a sentence. He travels a hundred miles to make a line of description. After fifty years' continual canvassing, it may seriously be doubted whether in substantial accuracy of presentment Macaulay has ever been surpassed or even equalled by any historian whatsoever. His chief and underlying fault may almost be summed up in that overconfidence of which Melbourne complained when he said, "I wish I was as cocksure about any one thing as Tom Macaulay is of everything." This confidence led him to underrate the complexity both of historic incidents and historic characters. And too often when the situation is altogether enigmatic, and the play of motive abnormally subtle, demanding the utmost circumspection in statement and the greatest reserve and diplomacy in phrasing, Macaulay seems irresistibly impelled to violent declamation, strident emphasis, and the extreme of antithetic elaboration. This absence of the sense of mystery in Macaulay is probably an inseparable defect of the very qualities which render his "History" so insurpassably entertaining. But the great defect of this glorious work, after all, is that it is so brief—so fragmentary!

After the painting by S. W. Reynolds, Jun. Rischgitz Collection.

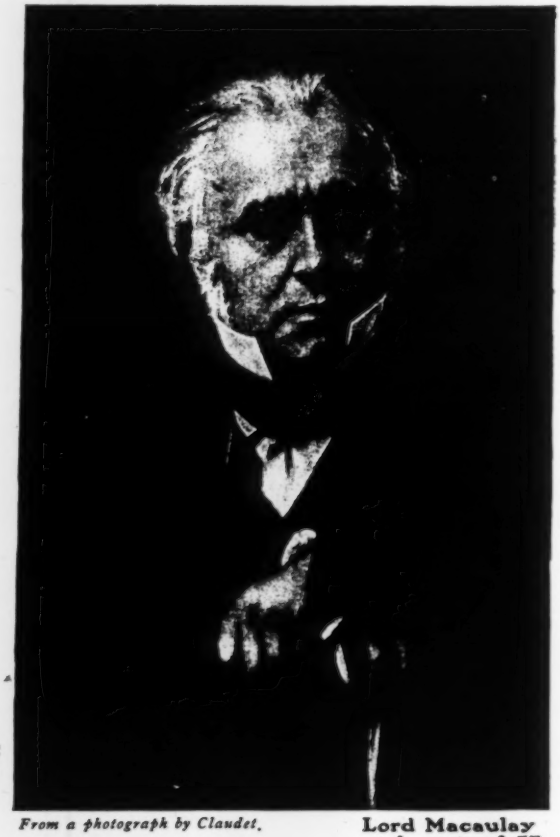
Thomas Babington Macaulay.

These fifteen years, 1685-1700, had made the historian prematurely an old man by 1859, a year especially fatal to historians, for in the English-speaking world alone it carried off Prescott and Hallam, as well as Lord Macaulay—the honours that flowed in upon him from all quarters had included a peerage from Lord Palmerston in 1857.

He died very peacefully, almost without a struggle or a sigh, in his "literary chair," with the first number of the *Cornhill* open before him. The date, December 28, 1859, must have marked a mental epoch in a good many lives. Forty-four years later, when unveiling a memorial tablet at Holly Lodge, Campden Hill, where Macaulay had lived since 1856, Lord Rosebery observed, "One of my most poignant regrets in life has been that I never saw him. He was always in and out of my uncle's, Lord Stanhope's house, which was removed by only one house from our own, and I had always reckoned on it in childhood as a matter of absolute certainty that some day my eyes should rest on him. But he was taken from us suddenly, in what in the modern statesman would now be considered the period of youth, and I can remember the day of his death as well as if it were yesterday, if only for this—that it shattered the hopes of my ever seeing him or of ever reading more from his pen." Lord Stanhope commenced his "History of Queen Anne" where Macaulay left off. But it were as vain to attempt to complete the famous torso of his History as to finish "Edwin Drood" or "Denis Duval." The loss incurred by the world of Letters was generally felt to be irreparable, and many noble eulogies were passed upon the historian, notably by Dean Milman and François Mignet. Macaulay's genius, indeed, like that of Scott and of Gibbon, was of that fortunate complexion which compelled him to do the work which he alone could accomplish, and no one else could approach. We have only to turn to his narrative, "clear and full like a brimming river," to realise



After Sir John Watson Gordon. **Lord Macaulay.**
Rischgitz Collection.



From a photograph by Claudet. **Lord Macaulay at the age of 57.**
Reproduced from "Macaulay's Complete Works," by the courtesy of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)

what a loss English Literature sustained in 1859.

The unique quality—the quality which probably strikes us first and most forcibly in Macaulay, is the wonderful amplitude of his ready knowledge—knowledge, that is, instantly producible upon demand for purposes of illustration and comparison. Reading, says Bacon, makes a full man. Now hardly one man in a million reads as Macaulay read; early and late, sitting, reposing, eating, walking, by rail, coach, and East Indiaman, he read incessantly. And hardly one man in a generation could be found with so prodigious a memory.

"I never knew any person," says Elwin, "who had read one half that Macaulay has done, or remembered it one tithe as well. But his talk is entirely from books. Nothing comes from his own mind—not a feeling, a sentiment, a maxim, a repartee—hardly, indeed, an opinion. Name a work, and he will begin to tell you its contents. Allude to a passage in a poet, and he will repeat it verbatim. It is truly astounding. But there the power ends. There is nothing felicitous in his language, or engaging in his manner, and, as he simply details what others have written, without illuminating it or investing it with the individuality of his own nature, I can easily imagine that those who meet him often must get heartily sick of him. I find him pleasant myself. Knowledge is always profitable."

Elwin, it must be admitted, saw the compensating defects of Macaulay's unrivalled gifts with a disconcerting perspicacity. Such faculties of accumulation and retention are so valuable and so rare that we ought primarily, I think, to be deeply grateful for the noble use that Macaulay made of them in directing and concentrating them upon a work of such majestic dimensions and patriotic purpose as his "History."

The next quality that we recognise in Macaulay is the miraculous clear-cutting of his creative or imaginative energy. Anthony Trollope is said to present our vision with a section of contemporary Loamshire or Barsetshire with all the life adhering to it, like a piece of cheese full of mites, under a glass case. Macaulay achieves the greater feat of exhibiting a section of the historic past under similar conditions. Look upon this picture, he observes the while, and then, pointing to the present, upon that. Only, unlike Hamlet, he gives the preference to the present. The perfection of this faculty to which he attained was due in large measure to the historian's continual habit of "castle building." His *chateaux-en-Espagne*, however, were concerned not with a roseate future in which he should astonish the world by his sagacity or come unexpectedly into a cool £15,000 a year, but with the "dull magnificence of Versailles" under the Grand Monarque, or the figure of Dutch William at Loo or Kensington poring fatefully over the map of Europe. His power of visualising was, I think, second only to that of Dickens. As Sir Walter Scott* peopled the highland glens with caterans

* "At Lincoln Cathedral," wrote Macaulay, in his Essay on History, "there is a beautiful painted window which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself in mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated." It was just to this reclamation of properties calculated to give "an air of verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative" that Macaulay devoted his unique faculties with such almost too dazzling success.

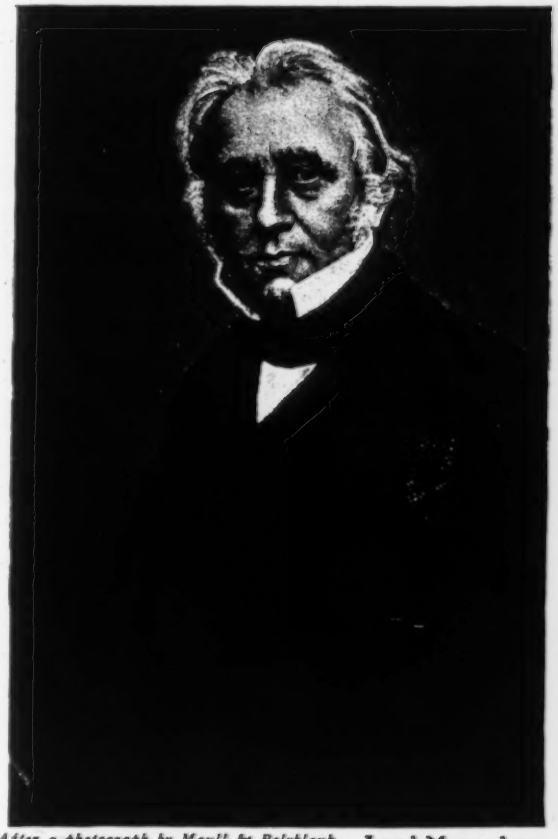
and mosstroopers, so Macaulay re-peopled Whitehall and St. James's with surly roundheads or gay cavaliers, Fleet Street with Johnson and Goldsmith, Leicester Square with Reynolds and little Burney, and every interesting street with equally appropriate, if less known, figures. Look at his description of Monmouth's Rebellion in 1685. It is like a slowly moving diorama, the light and colour of which are almost Venetian (for Macaulay disdained a north light to his studio), and in regard to which we always appear to be right opposite the centre of the composition. So vivid is the colouring and so trenchant are the values that we carry the impression of this narrative somewhere about us, not for a fortnight or six weeks, but for the term of our natural lives. Only last year I bicycled from Wells and Glastonbury, through Sedgmoor and across the Bussex Rhine, to Taunton, and, although I had not opened that fascinating fifth chapter for many years, it came back to me for the most part with a well-nigh unimpaired clearness. There had been nothing up to this kind of historical engraving upon the mind since Thucydides wrote of Syracuse, Sphacteria and the siege of Plataea by the Lacedemonians, 2,260 years before. He, too, had projected a good deal more than he was ever able to accomplish; but he, Thucydides, has always remained the chief and founder of the old dynasty of historians, who made it their object to give us a speaking picture on the wall, where was formerly a blank space. Macaulay was essentially of this dynasty, or what we might call the primary school of history. The secondary or critical school, which pretends to trace development and to correlate causes and effects, has spluttered for some centuries over a start, and has lost the touch of Thucydides without having very much to show in return for it at present—even though it may convince us it is fundamentally upon a right track. But there is no necessity to confuse the two schools. One of the reasons for the subsequent undue depreciation of Macaulay has been that contemporary critics did not adequately expound Macaulay's limitations. They did not classify his historical method as primary, or his brightness as that of a strong crescent. Then arose Mr. Morley to complain that this historical luminary was short and far short of the full orb of popular representation, and, before he had finished, he had gone far to extenuate the use of such epithets as vulgar and brutal, a style so edgy and flashy and inelastic as to suggest the movement of a man in armour, with its "stamping emphasis" and "unlovely staccato." And Mr. Harrison went on to explain that great history was compounded of Poetry and Philosophy: Macaulay had neither, and thought to supply the deficiency with history, painting and biographical anecdotage. Well, we had to hear this, we must learn to know the worst, and must bear, as stoically as possible, that which we cannot refute. For our part, we do not like Macaulay one whit the less for the discovery that he is humanly faulty, and that we can affix big labels to his faults as easily as we can to those of Shakespeare, Scott, or Dickens.

It is merely one more illustration of the truth of that saying of Vauvenargues, "Les plus grands ouvrages

From the painting by E. W. Eddis, the property of T. Norton Longman, Esq.

Lord Macaulay at the age of 48.

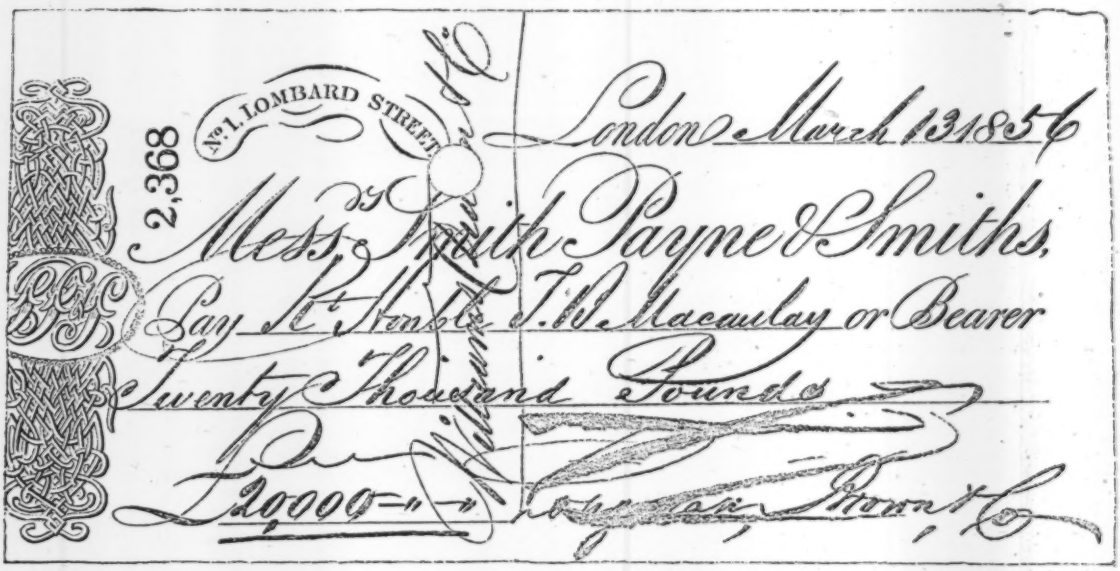
(Reproduced from "Macaulay's Complete Works," by the courtesy of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)



After a photograph by Maull & Polyblank. Rischgitz Collection.

Lord Macaulay.

de l'esprit humain sont très-assurément les moins parfaits." We shall not find the merits of Maine or of Maitland in our Macaulay; but we must judge a man after all, however great, not by the frailties which he shares with all humanity (if he be really human), but by the unique qualities peculiar to himself. The charges brought against Macaulay as an historical artist—his shallow historical philosophy, his tendency to regard historical evolution as a long melodrama with a happy ending, to wit, our noble selves, this glorious present—all criticism of this kind is from our *primary* point of view (somewhat as in the case of Scott) virtually irrelevant. It is necessary to study the surface of history before going into the interior. It is necessary to study it from the political and governmental as well as from the institutional and economic point of view. We must have our curiosity aroused by the pageant before we can begin to take a profound interest in what it all means. Macaulay has given us the pageant. And if he were by too many questionings as to the profounder issues at stake. His exulting and rather facile optimism in the sphere of politics was an essential factor in the make-up of a man with his work to do. He seems to have had a perfectly genuine conviction that with a Whig ascendency in party politics, free trade, increasing population and manufactures, a huge debt, a nominal army, and a steady increase of book-buying villa residents, England was making a pretty straight run for the Millennium. The conviction has been deemed excessive. We are under a distinct impression that Macaulay's optimism may have been a trifle too sanguine. But a man who is going to *depict* needs to be proof against a whole array of phenomena which are all-important to the man who is going to *dissect*, and we must not confuse the attributes of the two. No man is universal. It is easy to allow for Macaulay's bias and his blind side. It is more important *vis-à-vis* of the depreciatory views of him which have been too long


No. 1, LOMBARD STREET
2,368
London March 13 1856
Messrs Smith Payne & Smiths.
Pay to the Order of T. B. Macaulay or Bearer
Twenty Thousand Pounds
£20,000-0-0

Facsimile of the famous Cheque for £20,000.

Paid in March, 1856, by Messrs. Longmans to Lord Macaulay for his share in the profits of the third and fourth volumes of "The History of England." (Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)

to achieve his object of giving us a brilliant picture of the actual happenings of an enclosed period, it was a condition of success that he should not be tormented current to realise his consummate greatness, not as a philosopher, but in his own sphere as England's national literary historian.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"Can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters?"—FREDERIC HARRISON.

JOHN DRYDEN.

"How long, great Poet, shall thy sacred Lays
Provoke our Wonder, and transcend our Praise?
Can neither injuries of Time, or Age,
Damp thy Poetic Heat, and quench thy Rage?"

AFTER the lapse of two centuries, this tribute from Addison to his master must come to most of us with the shock of an hyperbole. It is scarcely too much to say that for a hundred years Dryden has enjoyed more than the usual share of the oblivion which is the common reward of so many writers of classical rank. In our literary text-books his position is as secure as ever. But his popular fame as a poet is now associated with one poem only—"Alexander's Feast," the sonorous music of which entrances the untrained ear of boyhood with a power equalled only by Macaulay's "Lays." Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" is not only an epoch-making anthology: it is an authoritative index of the Victorian appreciation of poets dead and gone. In it Dryden is represented only by the two odes for St. Cecilia's Day. Yet we cheerfully accept the statements of the text-books that Dryden is our greatest poet between Milton and Wordsworth.

And Dryden's misfortune does not stop here. Not only is he not read and seldom reprinted, but his personality counts for almost less to us than that of any of the victims of his own brilliant satire. It is the very irony of fate that we know as much about Shadwell as of Dryden. He embalmed his flies with such surpassing skill that we are interested in his specimens to the point of forgetting the collector. But there is, of course, a deeper reason than this for the discrepancy between Dryden's fame as a poet in his

"And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come"—Horatius.
(Reproduced from "Lays of Ancient Rome," by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)

own and succeeding generations and his comparative neglect now. Spenser is the poets' poet; Hazlitt the critics' critic. Dryden we might call the critics' poet. He is admittedly a great metrist, but in his poetry the form is greater than the matter. He wrote lyrics of such an excellence as to have merited a larger representation in the "Golden Treasury," but they never have the true essence of the lyric, "the cry from the heart." A score of Restoration "gentlemen" who "wrote with ease" have easily surpassed Dryden in posthumous renown just because they had the secret, which he had not, of the fine, careless rapture. Dryden was our first great critic, our first great prose-writer, a great satirist, a master of metre, a brilliant translator—but a great poet he was not. The popular verdict has long since been passed, and it is idle to dispute it. Dryden's fame has suffered chiefly because it has been wrongly nailed to the mast of his poetry. Let that mast be shot away, and Dryden's colours will still fly as long as English literature endures. In the development of modern English prose he is the most notable figure, and he is admittedly the father of English criticism.

What Johnson said, in one of the best of his Lives of the Poets, is still true: "His contemporaries, however they reverenced his genius, left his life unwritten; and nothing therefore can be known beyond what casual mention and uncertain tradition have supplied." Modern research—and it has not been very zealously directed towards Dryden—has added very little to Johnson's survey of his life. The poet was born at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, in 1631, his father, Erasmus Dryden, being the third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, Baronet, of Canons Ashby. He was educated at Westminster School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1654. Three years later he went to London, and began to write for the bookseller-publisher. Of the next ten years practically nothing is known. In 1663 he married Lady Elizabeth Howard, eldest daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, a union productive of much ill-natured scandal and of little happiness. During those years, of which so little is known, it is plain that Dryden had already established himself as a literary dictator at Wills' Coffee-house. In 1664 Samuel Pepys records in his diary, "In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee-house there, where I never was before; where Dryden the poet (I knew at Cambridge) and all the wits of the town, and Mr. Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our College. And had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse."

Dryden's career as a dramatist began in 1663 and ended in 1694. His facility was marvellous, but his plays have long since disappeared from the stage. Most of them are uninspired hack-work. In tragedy he rants, and in comedy he substitutes obscenity for wit. He endeavoured to dramatise Milton and to adapt Shakespeare—and unwittingly burlesqued both. In his earlier attempts he clung to rhymed couplets—rhyme, he held, "which most regulates the fancy, and gives the judgment its busiest employment, is like to bring forth the richest and clearest thoughts." Fortunately Dryden's example did not prove lasting, and after fourteen years of this vain experiment, Dryden himself led English drama back to its proper medium of blank verse. His work had not been entirely in vain. To our dramatic literature he contributed nothing that has endured—though his plays contain many splendid "patches" and some memorable songs—but he gave point and precision to the couplet, and used it with a mastery not excelled by Pope. Dryden, like Fielding, wrote innumerable plays, but they had no higher motive in either case than the procuring of "bread and cheese." It is a blot on both of these great prose writers that they condescended to supply a felt want and feed the populace with pies made of mud. One of

"So answered those strange horsemen,
And each couched low his spear."—"The Battle of the Lake Regillus."
(Reproduced from "Lays of Ancient Rome," by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)

From a bust by Burnard, in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. **Lord Macaulay.**

Rischgitz Collection.

Dryden's dramatic confections achieved the notoriety of being too highly seasoned even for a Restoration audience. In well-known lines, Sir Walter Scott, Dryden's best editor, has reproved this failing of the poet. It cannot be defended, but it is easily possible to exaggerate it. It had no counterpart in the poet's own life, which was one of strenuous work, and splenuid and varied achievement.

Dryden's qualities as a poet were not fully displayed until his fiftieth year, when he produced his first great satire, "Absalom and Achitophel." The characters of Shaftesbury and Buckingham are drawn with a masterly vigour and precision. Every line adds to the terrible faithfulness of the portrait, and such is Dryden's strength that he leaves the impression of an immense reserve. With Pope it is quite otherwise. He exhausts himself in a fury of malevolence, and, in general, paints, not a man, but a monstrosity of his own imagining. In the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel" Dryden proved himself the supreme master of poetical invective in the famous trouncing of Shadwell and Settle, a subject he returned to with even more vigour and success in MacFlecknoe, the prototype of "The Dunciad." Flecknoe, the King of Nonsense,

> "Worn out with business, did at length debate
> To settle the succession of the state:
> And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit
> To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
> Cried, "'Tis resolved; for nature pleads, that he
> Should only rule, who most resembles me.
> Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
> Mature in dulness from his tender years:
> Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
> Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
> The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
> But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
> Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
> Strike through, and make a lucid interval:
> But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
> His rising fogs prevail upon the day."

There is no other English poet who can wield the sledge-hammer like this. Nor is there anything in our literature to equal the mock-heroic conclusion when Flecknoe's mantle falls on his adopted son.

> "He said; but his last words were scarcely heard:
> For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepared,
> And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
> Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
> Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
> The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
> With double portion of his father's art."

In 1668 appeared "The Essay of Dramatic Poesy," the primary object of which was "to vindicate the honour of our English writers from the censure of those who unjustly prefer the French before them." By this essay alone Dryden ranks, in Johnson's words, "as the father of English criticism, as the writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merit of composition." The magnificent tribute to Shakespeare is one of the great passages of English prose, and is Dryden's best monument as critic and prose-writer:

> "He was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient, poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the great commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets.
>
> *Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*

Nor is the quotation quite complete without its footnote of Johnson's praise. "The account of Shakespeare," says Johnson, "may stand as a perpetual model of encomiastic criticism; exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration. The praise lavished by Longinus on the attestation of the heroes of Marathon by Demosthenes fades away before it. In a few lines is exhibited a character so extensive in its comprehension, and so curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminished, or reformed; nor can the editors and admirers of Shakespeare, in all their emulation of reverence, boast much more than of having diffused and paraphrased this epitome of excellence, of having changed Dryden's gold for baser metal, of lower value though of greater bulk."

After the succession of James II., Dryden seceded to the Roman Catholic Church, and at the Revolution lost his various public appointments of poet-laureate, historiographer royal, and collector of customs. In the later years of his life he consequently was driven to return to the drama and to engage in translation, three years being given to his great translation of "Virgil." Only a few months before his death appeared a great folio volume of twelve thousand verses, entitled "Fables, Ancient and Modern," containing the best-known of his narrative poems. Dryden's literary career covered nearly half a century, and for the last twenty years of it he was the unquestioned president of the literary republic. Of his personal characteristics there is very little to record. Congreve, his friend and brilliant disciple, describes him "of a nature exceedingly human and compassionate, ready to forgive injuries, and capable of a sincere reconciliation with those who had offended him. His friendship, when he professed it, went beyond his professions."

Dryden died on May 1st, 1700, at his house, 43, Gerrard Street, Soho, where he had resided for fourteen years. His body was embalmed and deposited in state at the College of Physicians, and twelve days later was laid to rest in Poets' Corner with imposing ceremonial. His widow died insane fourteen years later, having outlived all her sons.

RANGER.

Some suggested text and reference books:—

Eighteenth Century Literature. By Edward Gosse. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Bookman Illustrated History of English Literature. Vol. I. 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Dryden. By Professor Saintsbury. (E. M. L.) 2s. (Macmillan.)

Essay on Dramatic Poesy. Edited by Prof. Nichol Smith. 2s. (Blackie.)

Johnson's Essay on Dryden. 3d. (Cassell.)

The Age of Dryden. By Dr. Garnett. 3s. 6d. (Bell.)

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1906.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C. N.B.—Contributors are requested to note the change of address.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the correct identification of the following opening sentences from eight famous novels:—

1. "Now what I want is Facts."
2. "The actors in the old tragedies, as we read, piped their iambics to a tune."
3. "All the world knows there is nothing on earth to be compared to a Highland chief."
4. "This is the story of what a woman's patience can endure."
5. "It is the privilege of tale-tellers to open their story in an inn."
6. "There was no possibility of taking a walk that day."
7. "The full truth of this odd matter is what the world has long been looking for."
8. "With a single drop of ink for a mirror, the Egyptian sorcerer undertakes to reveal to any chance comer far-reaching visions of the past."

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best four quotations from Shakespeare applying to "The Times" Book Club dispute, from the points of view of (*A*) "The Times," (*B*) the Publishers, (*C*) the Authors, (*D*) the Public.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by Mr. A. MILLER, 86, Queen's Road, Hyde Park, Leeds.

FOR THE ADMIRAL. By W. J. MARX.
(THE BOOKMAN Prize Story for Boys.)
I had a hund ed pound on't.—*Cymbeline*, ii. 1, 3.

Other quotations submitted were:—

"THE BOOKMAN" HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
(PART XII.).
Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history.
As You Like It, ii. 7, 163.
(N. LLOYD-PARTON, 30, Riches Street, Wolverhampton.)

MR. CHESTERTON'S DICKENS.
A fine volley of words and quickly shot off.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.
(L. A. WILKS, 15, Avenue Victoria, Scarborough.)

THE COUNTRY LIFE. By T. W. H. CROSLAND.
This is some fellow
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness. *Lear*, ii. 2.
(Miss M. FLETCHER, Marlingford House, near Norwich.)

II.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best description of a farewell from the works of a living novelist has been gained by Mr. JAMES W. MORE, Highfield, Dunoon, N.B.

PARTING.
He took her hand in his, held it a little longer than was necessary for an ordinary farewell, then raised it to his lips and kissed it. She did not at once release him. "Good-bye," she said. He had moved a little further from her and was descending the step, but the hands still held. One more "Good-bye," and they slowly parted their grasp as things put under a strain which are not in simple contact, but intermingle their fibres."—*Mark Rutherford in "Miriam's Schooling."*

Excellent quotations were received from A. F. EVANS, K. MOIR, E. PARKES, GRACE DURAND, Miss MACKECHNIE.

III.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best list of novels describing life in our colonies and foreign possessions has been gained by Miss E. BULLOCK, Hillsden, Congleton, Cheshire.

BOOK.	AUTHOR.	LOCALITY.
		Asia.
1. The Potter's Thumb.	Flora Annie Steel.	India.
2. Mr. Isaacs.	F. Marion Crawford.	,,
3. Kim.	Rudyard Kipling.	,,
4. Plain Tales from the Hills.	,, ,,	,,
5. Her Own People.	B. M. Croker.	,,
6. The Advanced Guard.	Sydney Grier.	,, N.W. Frontier.
7. Sally.	Hugh Clifford.	Malacca.
		Africa.
8. Ainslie's Ju-ju.	Harold Bindloss.	West Africa, Lagos.
9. Souls in Bondage.	Perceval Gibbon.	South Africa.
10. Between Sun and Sand.	William Scully.	,, ,,
11. The Story of an African Farm.	Olive Schreiner.	,, ,,
12. The Gun-Runner.	Bertram Mitford.	,, ,, Zululand.
13 Jess.	Rider Haggard.	,, ,, Transvaal.
		America.
14. A Sower of Wheat.	Harold Bindloss.	Canada, West.
15. The Sky Pilot.	Ralph Connor.	,, South-West.
16. The Call of the Wild.	Jack London.	,, North-West.

Lord Macaulay.
From a bronze medallion by Baron Marochetti, modelled in 1848.
The original belongs to Viscount Knutsford.
Rischgitz Collection.

BOOK.	AUTHOR.	LOCALITY.
		America.
17. The Magnetic North.	Elizabeth Robins.	Canada, North-West.
18. The Silent Places.	Ed. Stewart White.	" Hudson Bay Territory.
19. The Right of Way.	Gilbert Parker.	" Quebec.
20. Dr. Luke.	Norman Duncan.	Labrador.
21. Under the Great Seal.	Joseph Hatton.	Newfoundland.
		Australasia.
22. Geoffrey Hamlyn.	Henry Kingsley.	Australia.
23. Mrs. Tregaskiss.	Mrs. Campbell Praed.	"
24. Robbery under Arms.	Rolf Boldrewood.	"
25. It's Never Too Late to Mend.	Charles Reade.	"
26. For the Term of His Natural Life.	Marcus Clarke.	"
27. The Toll of the Bush.	William Satchell.	New Zealand.
28. The Marriage of Esther.	Guy Boothby.	Torres Straits.

In a long list of competitors the following came next in order of merit:—Miss L. WELBY, Miss A. CANNONS, E. R. MITCHELL, J. H. RICHARDSON, Miss GRACE DURAND, M. BARBOUR, B. O. ANDERSON.

IV.—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestions has been gained by Mr. ERNEST A. FULLER, 10, The Circus, Greenwich Park, S.E., and Miss HELEN G. HIRST, Ruswarp, near Whitby.

New Books.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

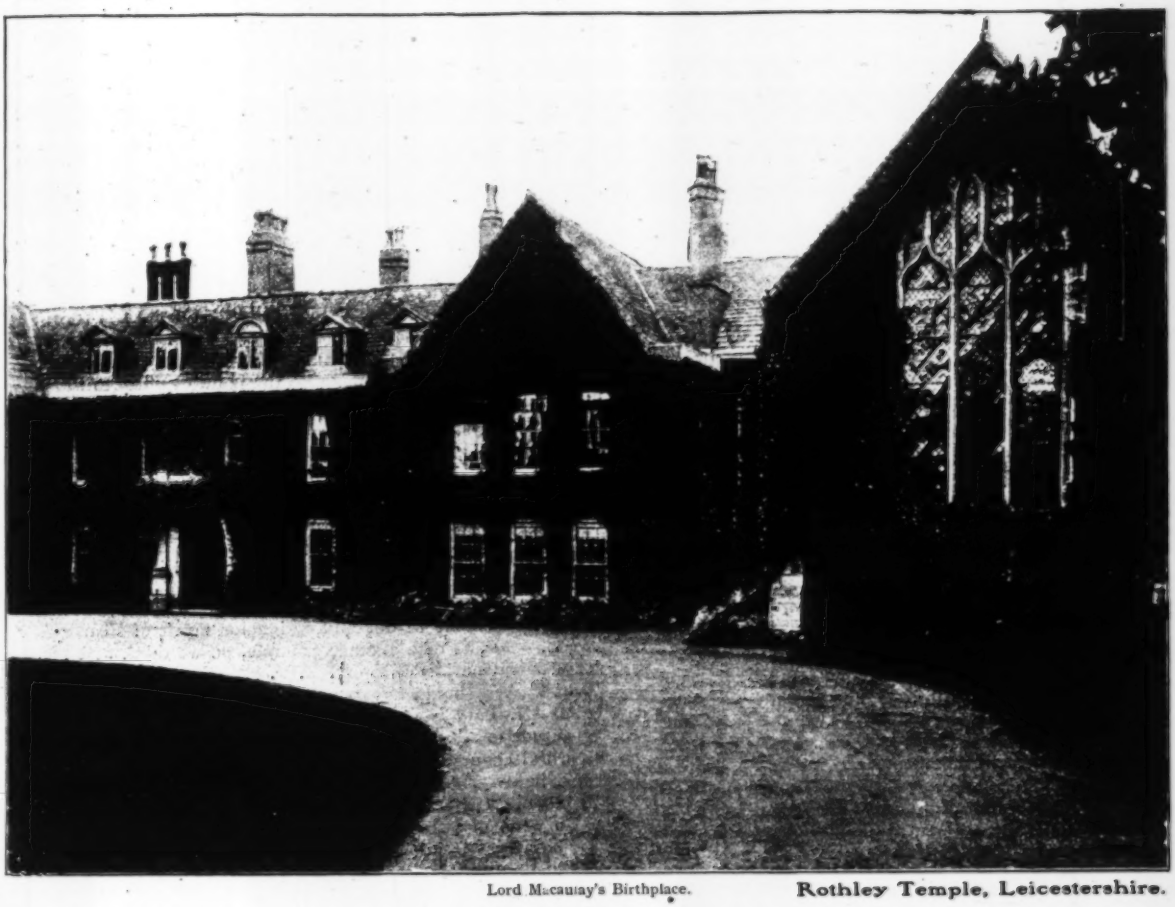
In reading, and still more in criticising, this new instalment of M. Jusserand's most attractive and interesting book, it is more especially necessary to keep in mind—what readers and even critics do not always or even very often keep in mind—the author's purpose. That purpose, as clearly explained in his title, and kept steadily before him and others (if they will only see it) in every page of his book, is *not* to write a "History of English Literature" merely or even mainly; but to write a history of the social and intellectual development of England as shown in its literature. In an old phrase which, having been hackneyed, has dropped somewhat out of use, the book is emphatically a "Companion" to the study of English literature, and a companion of almost unique value and interest.

How well qualified M. Jusserand is for this kind of companionship, and what interest he himself takes in it, has been shown long ago. There have been amicable controversies among his admirers whether his "Langland" or his "English Wayfaring Life" is his best book on the subject, though there are some good runners-up with "The Romance of a King's Life" in the saddle on these occasions. Now in every one of these cases the interest, though in two of them at least strongly literary and in the third closely connected with literature, is not literary only. It is most so, no doubt, in the "Langland," and we should ourselves say that this was the author's masterpiece in literary matter. But why is this? Because Langland was more saturated with the social, the intellectual, the religious and other colour of his time than almost any other English writer, perhaps than any writer in the world's literature.

M. Jusserand has no such figure in his present period—which, by the way, though it calls itself "From the Renaissance to the Civil War," does not in reality, save for a glance at Donne, go much beyond the beginning of the seventeenth century. And his only single figure of towering importance—Spenser—is one which lends itself very little to his favourite form of treatment; whence come consequences. But, on the other hand, the sixteenth century which, or a little less, is his real period, gives, even without the drama, extraordinary opportunity for the "Companion" treatment; and M. Jusserand avails himself of that opportunity with all his accustomed skill, learning, and affectionate interest in those sides of his subject which are congenial to him. When he thinks proper, he will hardly touch on literature at all. His second chapter of the Fourth Book, for instance, on "The Reformation," though it fills some seventy pages, hardly touches more on the actual English literature of the time and subject than a non-literary "History of the Reformation" itself would almost necessarily have to do. Very much of the next and still longer chapter—the first of the Fifth Book"—on "The Queen and Her People" is arranged on similar lines. But it is, of course, obvious at once that this treatment here, and in other not inconsiderable but less continuous examples of it in other parts of the book, is absolutely legitimate and germane, from the "Companion" point of view. The author's scheme, in fact, provides a series of illustrations, vignettes, panoramas, analogues of every variety of the book-illustrator's art, for the literary History of England.

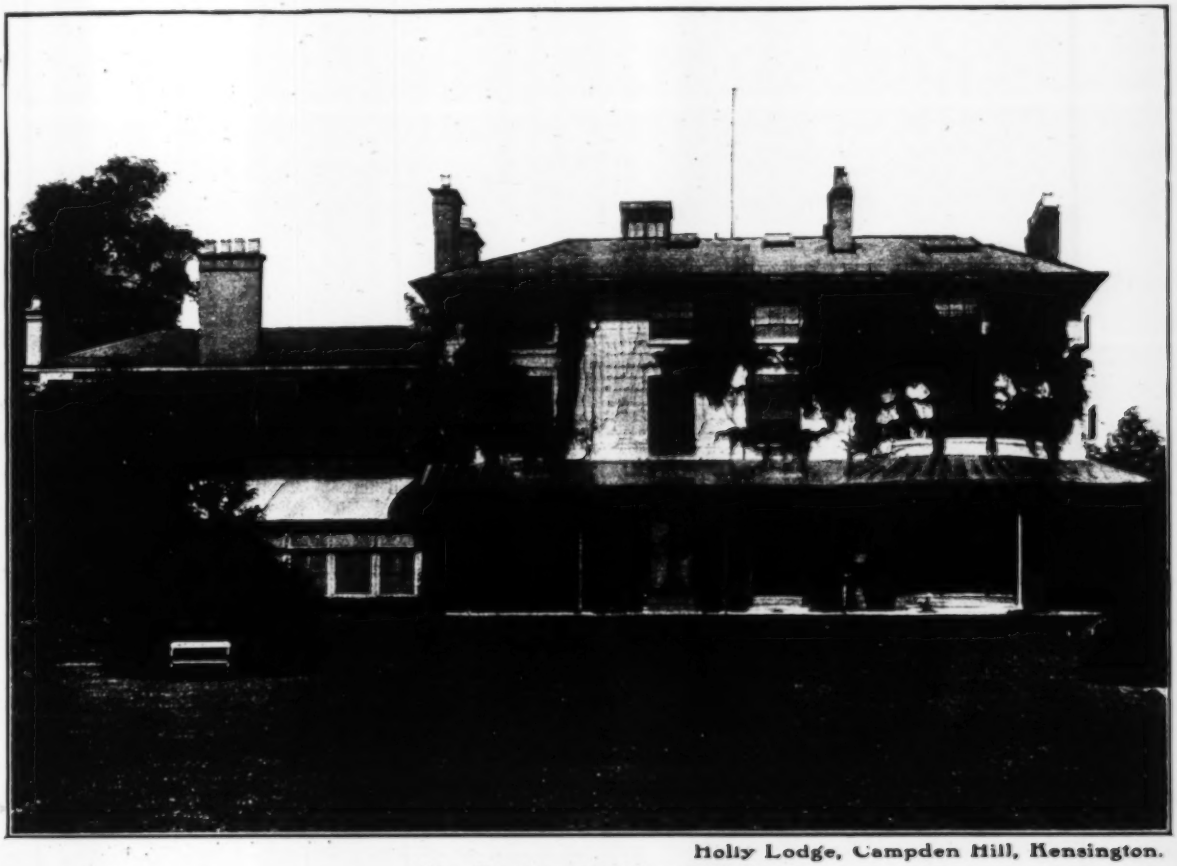
So, after a fine overture on the keynote of Mr. Froude's magnificent passage on the close of the Middle Ages, we have an eloquent sketch of the general Renaissance movement, in its intellectual and artistic aspects, and then settle upon Caxton. An excellent example of M. Jusserand's method, and of the advantages which it gives (when properly used by the reader, that is to say), is the sketch of Henry VIII., where the points are selected and put with Macaulay's fecundity, ingenuity and vigour, but with much more than Macaulay's grace and attractiveness of composition. So is the companion portrait of Wolsey, which follows. It is, of course, true that neither Henry nor his minister is a figure of any importance whatever in English literature; and that neither has more than an incidental—almost an accidental—connection with figures that are of importance in it. For though Henry certainly cut off Surrey's poetry in cutting off his head, and though Wolsey was the object of Skelton's lampooning, the connection in each case, though close, *is* almost accidental. But both are figures showing conspicuously certain features of the time in social, intellectual and other ways, and so exhibiting its probable attitude towards literature—the literary *diathesis* of the English people, if not the actual accomplishment of English literature. Education, and the intense interest of the time in it, come in for large notice, of course; and invite, not in vain, the exercise of M. Jusserand's peculiar skill in conveying a mass of accurate detail in an attractively summarised form—an art in which once more, if he and all others have learnt it from Macaulay, he has far surpassed his master in humanity and artistry of representation. We anticipate and understand M. Jusserand's enthusiasm for More, who, again, is no great figure in English literature (inasmuch as, though people will forget it, the "Utopia" is in Latin), but who is a figure of real and of very great importance in the "Literary History of the English People." Here M. Jusserand has, of course, plenty of the *domestica facta*—the living and social details so dear to him; and he improves them to the utmost. He excuses the clumsiness of Hall in style for his vivid catalogue details; he pays much more attention to Ascham's "Letters" (and indeed they are, whether Latin or English, delightful reading) than to his regular English works. Not seldom human and modern touches induce him to do justice to things towards which many regular histories of literature are scantily just—such as Lyndsay's "Squire Meldrum"—or to writers who, though they have been less neglected, have not always been praised aright, like Gavin Douglas. As for the picture of the country socially at the beginning of the Reformation, we know nothing to match it except, again, Macaulay's famous survey of England at the end of Charles the Second's reign. That of "The B. Reformation" (to use the admirably impartial form which used to be current at Oxford) itself is, in a different and more original kind, equally clever. But it is, as we should expect, in the above cited chapter, "The Queen and her Kingdom," and in the numerous later sketches of what may be called London and English "society" of all classes, that M. Jusserand best shows at once the powers of his method and his mastery of them. These passages may be called, without too much fancifulness, an "interleaving" of Elizabethan literature; they are really an elaborate commentary on the things and scenes and men of that literature, disposed in a lively and continuous

* "A Literary History of the English People." Vol. II.: From the Renaissance to the Civil War. By J. J. Jusserand. 12s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)



Lord Macaulay's Birthplace.

Rothley Temple, Leicestershire.



Holly Lodge, Campden Hill, Kensington.

Where Macaulay spent the last years of his life.

Rischgitz Collection.

narration instead of in arid and disjointed notes. The way in which, in particular, Coryat and M. Jusserand play up to each other is quite a joy to see; and when this game is over M. Jusserand gives us as a solo a description of London, which is, perhaps, the very best of many things in the book that may vie for the superlative.

But there are seamy sides to most fabrics, and it would not be candid to blink the fact that M. Jusserand's method has disadvantages which might become rather serious if that mistake were committed which we noted in the beginning, and if his book were taken for a "History of Literature" as such. Not that he makes any serious mistakes of fact. Most of those that we have noticed are quite trifling—"Hythlodaeus" from ὑθλέω instead of from ὕθλος and ὀαίω; a connection, non-existent as far as we can see, between blank verse and the hexameters of Commodian; a statement that at the end of Mary's reign "England is still unknown to the great European public save for the 'Utopia,'" when, as a matter of fact, Lilius Giraldus, a very typical representative of that public, speaks some decade earlier not merely of Wyatt, but of Chaucer. But these matter little or nothing, and the bibliographical notes throughout are admirable.

Still M. Jusserand's point of view does impose somewhat serious limitations on him, and in one instance at least prevents his really seeing his object. Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," for instance, is unquestionably the greatest book in English prose before nearly the close of the sixteenth century; and a book the greatness of which grows on really literary students the more they know of its originals. But it throws, of course, absolutely no light on social affairs, etc., except the general one that people still liked romances. And so M. Jusserand dismisses it as "an immense compilation in simple, flowing English prose, free from emphasis and bad taste, but with little warmth and spare ornamentation," adding a somewhat Aschamish sneer (only with *esprit* instead of a sense of the "shocking") at its morality. Alexander Scott is hardly exceeded by any poet of his nation before Burns in poignant lyrical music; but he has nothing from M. Jusserand but the sentence, "love poems, caricatures, and satires," with a specified flyting and "example of broad buffoonery." These are rather omissions and inadequacies than positive errors in appreciation. But the determination to vignette your subject socially, and take the frame as part of the picture, appears more seriously elsewhere. To M. Jusserand Wyatt and Surrey appear not as they were, earnest and almost desperate pioneers, struggling with a new poetic medium which they could hardly master, if by any means they might rejuvenate English poetry, but as "young men walking with propriety in well-gravelled, box-edged paths, under the shade of dignified manor-houses." And this rather unfortunate but very French habit of making the frame beforehand, and cutting the picture to fit it, appears most of all in the estimate of Spenser. As the Tottel poetry had suggested to M. Jusserand gravelled paths and box edgings (they drove the wheelbarrow pretty often into the gravel and over the edgings—these young men!) so "The Faerie Queene" and the rest suggest to him the reading of them by "noble personages stretched on cushions in the large bay windows of their palaces bordering the Thames." "God send us all no worse fortune!" as Ned Poins observed of his sister's marriage to Prince Hal, in time, place and business. Yet it may be delicately suggested that this setting (which, by the way, is curiously identical with that given by one of Spenser's idolators, Charles Kingsley, to a scene in which Spenser himself appears) is one for which Spenser himself is not responsible, and that it is hardly an argument against him. But it is, perhaps, an argument against anyone who sees "The Faerie Queene" through it. It is another casement altogether—that well-known one which opens not on placid rivers but on "perilous seas"—that you must look through if you want to know what Spenser has for you. In other words, and to use a polite colloquial-critical phrase of his own country, M. Jusserand "n'est pas *là*" when he speaks of Spenser. But next to a triangulation from the true standpoint, a triangulation from one which is not the true, but which we can locate and allow for, is the most valuable. For everything that M. Jusserand has given us when he is "there"—when he is on his own ground and doing his own work—the gratitude can be unqualified and unstinted.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

MR. PAUL'S ESSAYS.*

Mr. Herbert Paul is one of the last, as he is certainly one of the best, of the essayists. No man understands better how to compress what he has to say into the trim compass of the essay without losing a single lawful opportunity for stimulating the mind of his reader with wit and wisdom. In "Men and Letters," which we are delighted to hear of as a fourth edition, Mr. Paul taught us to know his value. We cannot summarise our opinion about "Stray Leaves" better than by saying that it is in every way a worthy successor to the earlier volume. Mr. Paul's style is as brilliant as ever, and his sympathy is as wide as his style is brilliant. He deals with bishops tenderly and discreetly at a time when bishops are scarcely popular with the political party to which he belongs; and although in discussing Mr. Balfour's "Essays and Addresses" he feels constrained to say that "politics spoil this volume," he hastens to add that "without them it would be a singularly charming example of what a brilliant, cultivated intellect, open to the best influences of its age and country, can make of time too often wasted in writing unreadable books."

To enjoy Mr. Paul's book it is not always necessary to agree with his opinions. We cannot follow him, for instance, in his estimate of Peacock's excellence as a writer, though we yield to none in our admiration for much of Peacock's verse. Nor, to take another example, do we think that Mr. Paul has done justice to Mr. E. V. Lucas's work on Charles Lamb. We should have supposed that any lover of Lamb (and Mr. Paul is certainly that) would have expressed his gratitude to Mr. Lucas in a tone less tinged with a somewhat scornful condescension. But even in this essay the element of delight far outweighs any fault that may be hinted in it. It has the true enthusiasm for Lamb and the true sympathy. "To write of Lamb's humour," says Mr. Paul, "is almost an impiety. One feels like a housemaid destroying cobwebs in dusting a room." That is admirably said.

One of the most attractive essays in the book is that on William Cory, the author of "Ionica." Even if Mr. Paul had not known Cory (Johnson was his name when Mr. Paul first came under his influence) he would still have been able to write well about him, for Cory's queer and crabbed but affectionate nature, his remarkable gifts both of character and literary achievement were subjects made to Mr. Paul's hand. But Mr. Paul knew Cory well: he was his pupil at Eton and his friend both then and afterwards, and now he dedicates to his memory one of the most beautiful appreciations it has ever been our good fortune to read. Incidentally he shows that Cory's biographer, Mr. A. C. Benson, has gone astray in some of his judgments on the man of whom he was writing. But Mr. Benson did not enjoy that personal knowledge of Cory which was Mr. Paul's privilege. To those who have steeped themselves in the haunting music of "Heraclitus," "Mimnermus in Church," and "After Reading 'Ajax,'" their author is henceforward a living figure.

Not less excellent is the service that Mr. Paul has done in writing on George Eliot. He admires her work and states his view with vigour, but not without a just restraint. His remarks on Leslie Stephen's not altogether generous criticisms are admirable both for sanity and for point. We rejoice to be able to commend this book warmly to all who take pleasure in good talk about literature and men who have been concerned with literature. R. C. LEHMANN.

MR. YEATS'S NEW POEMS.†

It is pleasant to be able to congratulate Mr. Yeats on the remarkable improvement he has made in his beautiful poem, "The Shadowy Waters," an improvement due, as he tells us, to seeing how badly it acted in its original shape. As first published, in 1900, the poem was dramatic only to the extent of being in dialogue; but it was essentially a dream-poem, written in a sleepy language, and the impression made upon the reader's mind was of the most shadowy. One recognised that the hero Forgael was a lover of impossible things; but everybody else in the play spoke as though

* "Stray Leaves." By Herbert Paul, M.P. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

† "Poems, 1899-1905." By W. B. Yeats. 6s. net. (A. H. Bullen.)

he were affected with the same mystical passion. There was only a dream-like action, and no dramatic contrasts of character. Moreover, the supernatural accessories of the poem, Aengus and Edain, the men-headed birds, and so forth, were unexplained. The reader had to make the best he could of them, in hope that somebody would drop an interpreting hint by-and-by; and consequently the mere Anglo-Saxon found himself a little befogged. In the present version all this has been put right; the introductory dialogue explains the situation, and the characters are discriminated more clearly. Indeed the realism has been carried rather far. Aibric, the faithful henchman, is reduced to an even too commonplace Horatio, who knows that dreams of battle may be provoked by the mere coughing of a cart-horse, and professes that the only heart-burn from which he suffers is curable with boiled liquorice-root. And the sailors, instead of talking tropically about red hounds and hearts' desire and the music of the wind, now speak of "good round sums" and "getting on in life" and eating and drinking "a belly-ful."

A comparison between the two editions in one striking passage will show the greater dramatic effectiveness of the new version:—

Forgael.

When I hold
A woman in my arms, she sinks away
As though the waters had flowed up between;
And yet, there is a love that the gods give
When Aengus and his Edaine wake from sleep
And gaze on one another through our eyes,
And turn brief longing and deceiving hope
And bodily tenderness to the soft fire
That shall burn time when times have ebbed away.
The fool foretold me I would find this love
Among those streams, or on their cloudy edge.

Aibric.

No man nor woman has loved otherwise
Than in brief longing and deceiving hope
And bodily tenderness; and he who longs
For happier love but finds unhappiness,
And falls among the dreams the drowsy gods
Breathe on the burnished mirror of the world
And then smooth out with ivory hands and sigh.

In the revised version these last three beautiful lines are more appropriately given to Forgael, and the dialogue runs in this fashion:—

Forgael.

It is love that I am seeking for,
But of a beautiful, unheard-of kind
That is not in the world.

Aibric.

And yet the world
Has beautiful women to please every man.

Forgael.

But he that gets their love after the fashion,
Loves in brief longing and deceiving hope
And bodily tenderness, and finds that even
The bed of love, that in the imagination
Had seemed to be the giver of all peace,
Is no more than a wine cup in the tasting
And as soon finished.

Aibric.

All that ever loved
Have loved that way—there is no other way.

Forgael.

Yet never have two lovers kissed, but they
Believed there was some other near at hand,
And almost wept because they could not find it.

The scene with Dectora, the captured queen, is also dramatically improved and deepened, and the "keening," introduced now for the first time under the influence of the magic harp, is possibly effective upon true Celtic hearts. The diction all through the play, while preserving not a few of the old flowers of speech—

O flower of the branch, O bird among the leaves,
O silver fish that my two hands have taken
Out of the running stream, O morning star,
Trembling in the blue heavens like a white fawn
Upon the misty border of the wood,—

has become more straightforward and stronger in its expression of passion:—

The movement of time
Is shaken in these seas, and what one does
One moment has no might upon the moment
That follows after.
I would that there was nothing in the world
But my beloved—that night and day had perished,
And all that is and all that is to be,
All that is not the meeting of our lips.

So much it has seemed well to say by way of comparison between the old and new form of this very characteristic poem, because Mr. Yeats tells us in his preface that he is less confident about the success of his revision than in the case of "The King's Threshold" and "On Baile's Strand," which are also reprinted in this volume in a revised form. Whether the play is successful as part of the attempt to create a national dramatic literature in Ireland, upon which Mr. Yeats has set his heart, the present writer is entirely incompetent to express an opinion; but as to its success as a poem no judicious reader can have any doubt.

To turn now to the new lyrics in the volume. One of them contains something like an *apologia*. The poet says:

"A line will take us hours maybe;
Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought,
Our stitching and unstitching has been naught.
Better go down upon your marrow bones
And scrub a kitchen pavement, or break stones
Like an old pauper, in all kinds of weather;
For to articulate sweet sounds together
Is to work harder than all these, and yet
Be thought an idler by the noisy set
Of bankers, schoolmasters, and clergymen
The martyrs call the world."

Well, it is perhaps not wise of a poet to make much of the labours of his art, if he wishes "the bankers, schoolmasters, and clergymen" to give him credit for inspiration. He can hardly expect to have it both ways. And though work is necessary, and "a true poet's made as well as born," the fact is that the merit of a poem is by no means necessarily proportioned to the labour spent upon it. A line "will take hours maybe," but it will not necessarily be better than a line that has been "given" in a moment. Clergymen at least understand that, while grace is not operative apart from human labour, the two are in no constant relation. The world, quite rightly, cares only for results, for the perfect line that "seems a moment's thought"—lines like those in the first two stanzas of Mr. Yeats's "Isle of Innisfree." Are there lines in these new poems worthy of taking their place beside them? There does not seem to be anything that will go so straight to the heart of the bankers, and so forth; for "The folly of being comforted" and "Never give all thy heart," though excellently written, are poems of moods, and those not moods which the wise world cares long to entertain. But the lover of poetry will find two or three things for which to give thanks. First, a tale from the "Book of Leinster" about Baile and Aillinn, told in William Morris's manner, with charming interludes of music made by the rushes and curlews; then a ballad of "the happy townland," worthy of Christina Rossetti in her youth; and last, not least, "The Withering of the Boughs," which no one could have written but Mr. Yeats himself.

"I know of the leafy paths that the witches take,
Who come with their crowns of pearl and their spindles of wool,
And their secret smile, out of the depths of the lake;
I know where a dim moon drifts, where the Danaan kind
Wind and unwind their dances, when the light grows cool
On the island lawns, their feet where the pale foam gleams.
No boughs have withered because of the wintry wind;
The boughs have withered because I have told them my dreams."

H. C. BEECHING.

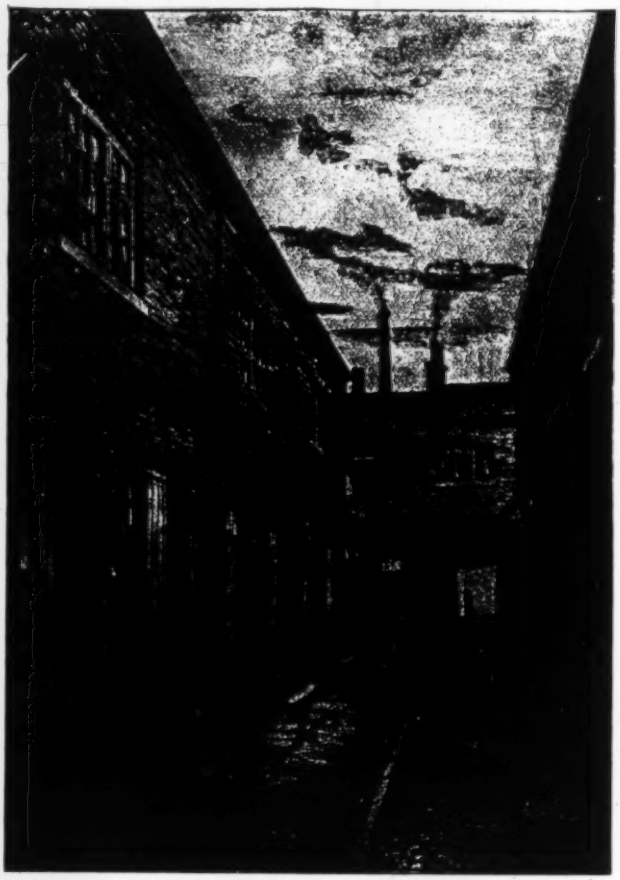
MRS. GASKELL.*

Mrs. Gaskell, who had unpleasant experiences over her life of Charlotte Brontë, prohibited the issue of a biography of herself. This is for many reasons a matter of regret, but the "Knutsford Edition" of her stories will go far to supply the want. Her career was not eventful, and the biographical introduction by the Master of Peterhouse gives all the essential facts of a useful and beautiful life. In addition to this general sketch, Dr. Ward has written separate introductions to each volume, and in these gives as much information as is necessary, or available, for the satisfaction of the curiosity of the reader as to the places and persons whom the authoress

* "The Works of Mrs. Gaskell." With Introductions by A. W. Ward. The Knutsford Edition. In eight vols. Vol. I., Mary Barton and other Tales; Vol. II., Cranford and other Tales; Vol. III., Ruth and other Tales, etc.; Vol. IV., North and South. 4s. 6d. each vol. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

may be supposed to have had in her mind when writing. "Identification" has become a rage with the public, and to some extent with the critics also. It cannot be too strongly insisted on that there is an essential difference between a literary artist and a photographer. The photographer can produce a delightful picture, but only on condition that the picture is in front of his camera. The literary artist can pick and choose from the whole world and make a combination of fact and fantasy—fantasy that is also verisimilitude—that shall, in effect, be truer than the truth. It would not be easy to imagine anything more satisfactory than the "Knutsford Edition," for typography, literary appreciation and illustrations.

"Mary Barton" is the first, as it is the best, literary picture of Manchester life. Young Disraeli's brilliant and sometimes lurid sketches of the manufacturing districts are too obviously of the nature of political pamphlets, and Mrs. Trollope's "Michael Armstrong" is an ignorant caricature of the factory world. Méry, who visited the city during this period, has left a sketch which, though slight, is powerful. Mrs. Gaskell was favourably placed for observation. She was the wife of the minister of the oldest dissenting congregation in Manchester. He was a man of high intellectual culture, and deeply interested in the social condition of the people. His congregation was one in which there were many men of wealth and public spirit, and connected with it were the Lower Mosley Street Sunday and day schools, which stood in the very front rank of the scanty educational agencies then at work. She was thus in touch with both of the "two nations," the rich and the poor, between whom there seemed to be an ever widening gulf. The congregation included millionaires; the school had in it children who came from the damp and unhealthy cellars which then formed part of the housing of the poor.



A Court in Hulme.

(Reproduced from the Knutsford Edition of "Mary Barton," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

It is doubtful if the dramatic quality of "Mary Barton" has been sufficiently realised. Some poor dramatic versions have been placed on the stage, but it has never been "adapted" by a skilful playwright. The trial at Liverpool is sensational, but apart from that, think what Irving would have made of the scene in which Carson is reconciled to his son's slayer.

The Manchester of the early days of Queen Victoria was a very different place from the great city of to-day. There are now 1,146 acres of public parks in it, but in Mary Barton's days such parks were unknown. The centre was blacker than it is now, if that can be thought possible, but the green fields were not far away. The urban district stretched only some two and a half miles away; now the whole of south-east Lancashire is one vast urban district, reaching from the Cheshire plain to beyond the Yorkshire boundary. The opening chapter of "Mary Barton" describes some factory workers taking a walk in Greenheys fields—fields that are now covered by houses.

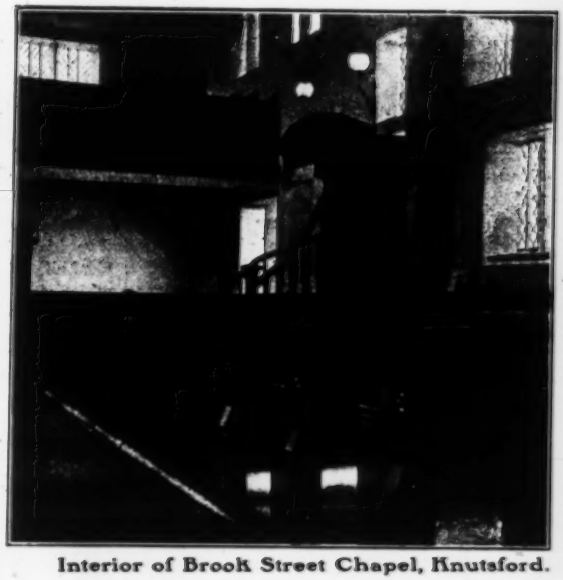
"Mary Barton," apart from its interest as a story of the beautiful and the tragic in common life, has a special value of its own as a picture of Manchester in the first half of the nineteenth century, and its fidelity is devoid of exaggeration. The conditions under which the mass of the people lived were shocking. Back-to-back houses, close courts, and five thousand cellar-dwellings formed housing accommodation in which decency and cleanliness were difficult, if not impossible. Sometimes the tenant of a cellar would be a weaver, and then space had to be found for the hand-loom, and the single room thus became a workshop, dining-room and sleeping-room all in one. Nearly ten per cent. of the population dwelt in cellars. The effect of the Corn Laws was to deprive the people of the daily bread for which we daily pray. During the years of the slow progress of Sir Robert Peel's conversion by Cobden, the Lancashire people were passing through the slow agonies of starvation. Some of the children were stitched up in calico, never to be taken off until it was worn out. A hundred wedding rings were pawned in a single week for food. What domestic tragedies stand behind that plain statement! There were 8,000 people in Manchester in 1841 living on less than 15d. a head weekly. The working hours for starvation wages were fifteen hours a day. And while the people were starving for want of bread, the *John Bull* newspaper declared that "while England shall have even a churchyard unploughed, she ought not to buy a grain of corn from a foreigner." The Lancashire working men, those who were not too hopelessly submerged to think at all, were to a large extent Chartists or Owenite Socialists. The franchise set up by the Reform Bill of 1832 excluded, in a very great measure, the working people from the electorate—a fact they necessarily resented. They had always protested against the Corn Laws, but with a pathetic belief in the power of Parliament, many of them thought that when once the Charter was the law of the land, and they could send their representatives to the House of Commons, the Corn Laws and all other things that hindered the prosperity of the people would be done away with at once. Even those of them who were not in the beginning with Cobden and the League were against the monopoly in the food of the people. The educational facilities of the poor were scanty, indeed almost non-existent; and there were many who, openly or secretly, did not desire them to be increased. Good Joseph Brotherton was pleading for the education of the poor to the aristocratic agent of a great Lancashire landowner, and received this characteristic reply: "Ah! if you make them all upper leather we shall have no soles." In the eyes of the monopolist the proper function of the poor was to be trod upon. This was too often the temper of the manufacturers as well as of the landowner. They did all that was possible to discourage the trade unions, and the unionist had at the same time to fight against the employer who wanted to reduce wages and against the non-unionist who undersold him in the labour market. The natural result was a succession of strikes, outrages and riots. Even a really kind-hearted and benevolent employer could persuade himself that little children, after twelve hours labour, were ready for a night-school.

A PAGE OF CRANFORD PICTURES.

A bit of Modern Cranford.

Entrance to Tatton Park.
The "Cumnor Towers" of the Novels.

The old "Rose and Crown," Knutsford.



Interior of Brook Street Chapel, Knutsford.

The Sedan Chair
In which the ladies of Cranford were carried, the last of its kind to be used in England.

Mrs. Gaskell's Grave.
The Cross on the left marks the site.

Photos Henry Walker, Stamford.

Yet some of the artisans managed, under all these difficulties, to gain a glimpse, and sometimes more, into the fairyland of literature and science. Job Leigh, the artisan naturalist, is a type that is not yet extinct. There was a school of mathematicians amongst the Lancashire working men, and this was followed by students of various branches of science, but more particularly entomology and botany. The late Mr. E. W. Binney, F.R.S., who had known the most distinguished men of science of his time, once told me that the greatest and most philosophical mind he had ever encountered was that of Richard Buxton, the author of the "Manchester Botanic Guide." Yet Buxton lived in a cellar and got a scanty living by delivering newspapers at the houses of such as chose to patronise him. I have known artisans who could, without hesitation or mistake, take up, one by one, a whole tableful of botanical specimens and give the Latin and English names and a scientific account of the plant and its medicinal or economic uses. One of these men, whom I knew well, was smitten down in the prime of life with a hopeless malady, and passed the last months of his life in "coaching" his wife for the examination for a nurse's diploma. She passed successfully, and his last hours were sweetened by the thought that the devoted wife of his youth had in her hands the possibility of a livelihood free from charity. The Lancashire botanists retained an affection for the Linnæan system long after it had been superseded generally; in later years many of them have studied the cryptogamia as a less worked field of research. The artisan is usually a stoic, and he needed an extra share of the power of endurance in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign.

Such was the social condition of Manchester when Mrs Gaskell published "Mary Barton"—a book full of wise doctrine, of sympathy and mutual forbearance and mutual forgiveness of offences more often caused by ignorance than by malice. A system in which men, women and children are callously regarded as so many big and little wheels in a machine is the most hopeless of all the methods by which the life of a nation can be regulated. Yet Mrs. Gaskell, who saw this fallacy, was accused of setting class against class!

"North and South" shows the industrial problem from the point of view of the master, as "Mary Barton" shows it from that of the men. Thornton is just to his employés, but their relation is solely that of the cash nexus. The process by which, through contact with Higgins as a man, and not as a "hand," a feeling of personal sympathy has birth and growth, is finely told. Bessie, the factory-girl, dying of consumption—and cotton fluff—is a pathetic figure, and stands in striking contrast to Margaret, the type of strong, true womanhood.

In "Ruth," Mrs. Gaskell dealt in a wise and Christian spirit with a moral problem that has too often been handled with harshness. The formal religion of Mr. Bradshaw and the real religion of Mr. Benson are brought out with admirable skill. This volume contains a sketch, now first reprinted, of "Cumberland Sheep Shearers," which forms a welcome addition to the known work of Mrs. Gaskell.

To turn from "Mary Barton" or "North and South" to "Cranford" is to exchange the close atmosphere of the slums for the idyllic freshness of the fields. Delightful is the humour of the pictures of the Amazonian society at Knutsford—for it has been an open secret for half-a-century that Cranford is Knutsford, with a judicious mingling of *wahrheit und dichtung*. Dr. Ward does not mention the fact that Mrs. Gaskell began, but wisely did not continue, a new series of "Cranford" papers. Perhaps this is reserved for the inedited contributions that are to be included in this edition. A curious misprint has crept into all the recent editions of "Cranford" that I have seen. In Chapter XIV. the faithful Martha produces a marvel of culinary art in a pudding "made in the most wonderful representation of a lion couchant that was ever moulded," and on the next day a "little of the cold lion, sliced and fried," forms an addition to the luncheon prepared for Mary's father. Some years ago a compositor turned "lion" into "loin," and all subsequent compositors have followed his mistaken lead, and the error has even found a place in the "Knutsford Edition."

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

EVELYN'S DIARY.*

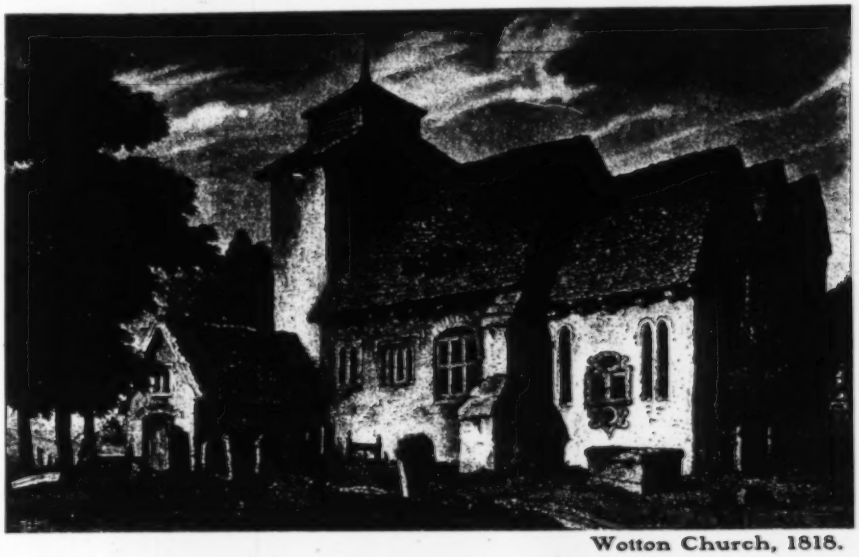
In his preface to this excellent edition of Evelyn's best known work, Mr. Dobson anticipates the inquiry—which he thinks "a not unnatural" one—as to what he is "doing in this particular galley of the seventeenth century." We are not prepared to admit that such an inquiry would be justifiable, but, at all events, his anticipatory answer is quite complete. "I submit that the qualities which make for research in one epoch are equally serviceable in another; nay, that those qualities may even be quickened and intensified by a special enthusiasm for the subject in hand. My respect for, and attraction to, John Evelyn, of Sayes Court and Wotton, are of many years' standing; but it is only in the last two that circumstances have enabled me to do him yeoman's service by editing and annotating—however imperfectly—his unique and memorable chronicle." The very inquiry which Mr. Dobson anticipates gives a hint of an undesirable fashion which has grown up in recent years of certain writers attempting to "peg out" a claim in literary criticism, and bitterly resenting those who would dare to "jump" it. Personally we object strenuously to the creation of "corners" in criticism. The whole republic of letters lies open to the critic without fence or toll. We accordingly welcome all the more Mr. Dobson's triumphant entry into a literary province other than that through which he has marched and countermarched so long, and in which he has achieved so many victories. His edition of Evelyn displays the old erudition and the accustomed zeal. The introduction is exhaustive and illuminating, and the notes to the thin volumes—a large portion of which is new, and the rest a skilfully-made selection from the work of former editors—leave no names or allusions unexplained. The book is splendidly illustrated, and special praise is due to the index, which alone must give a high value to this edition.

Although Mr. Dobson omits reference to the subject, it is a well-understood fact that access to the original MS. is refused by its present possessor. Accordingly Mr. Dobson is unable to give us a new text. Mr. W. J. Evelyn, of Wotton, who owns the MS., explained a quarter of a century ago, when Mr. Wheatley's edition was preparing, that "Colburn's third edition of the Diary was very correctly printed from the MS., and might be relied on as giving an accurate text." This statement ignores the chief point at issue—the completeness of the text; and it was a notorious fact that editions considerably fuller than Colburn's already existed. It is exceedingly unlikely, from what we know of Evelyn's Diary, that a new recension of the MS. would yield much that would interest or astonish, and in view of the slightly ludicrous competition for a "complete Pepys," it is perhaps wise to let sleeping diaries lie. Here it is only pertinent to observe that Mr. Dobson has done all that was possible with the materials available. He has followed Forster's text of 1850-52, and has collated it with Bray's edition of 1827. And he has also corrected many mistakes made by Forster in his modernising of Evelyn's spelling.

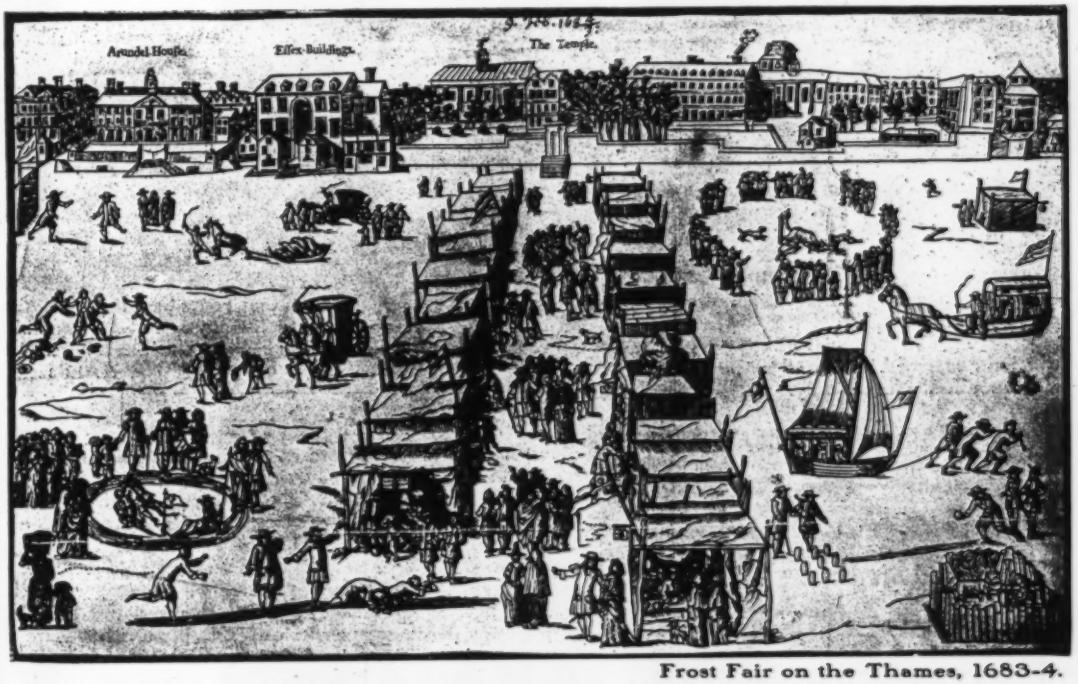
Mr. Dobson rightly emphasises Forster's warning that Evelyn's "Diary" is not properly a diary at all. He wrote of it himself as "memoirs," and the title given to its first published form in 1818 was much more correct than that now sanctioned by editorial usage—"Memoirs, Illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Evelyn." For Evelyn's "diary" was a "written-up" affair, as is abundantly proved by its chronological inconsistencies. Forster's conjecture that it was written up from brief memoranda is borne out by the fact that Evelyn included the so-called diary among several works which he classified as "things I would write out fair and reform, if I had leisure." Evelyn had a passion for such "reforming"; he was so busy "reforming" the beginning of what he hoped was to be his *magnum opus* that it never saw the light of day.

While there is this real distinction, therefore, between the works of Pepys and Evelyn, it is still true that it has weighed heavily against Evelyn's fame that he was the friend and contemporary of that very shameless and very delightful gossip, Mr. Samuel Pepys. Take away the few *loci classici* from Evelyn's diary—his description of the Great Fire, his account of the King's gossiping with "Nelly," and

* "The Diary of John Evelyn." With an Introduction and Notes by Austin Dobson. 3 vols. (Macmillan.)



Wotton Church, 1818.



Frost Fair on the Thames, 1683-4.

Wotton House, 1818.

(Reproduced from "Evelyn's *Diary*," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

Reduced from a photogravure. **John Evelyn,**
After Sir G. Kneller.
(Reproduced from "Evelyn's Diary," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

of the Merry Monarch's death—together with his eulogy of Mr. Pepys and a few sprightly passages from his record of his grand tour, and most of the rest is as dry as the remainder biscuit. The record can never lose its value or interest, thanks to the stirring times with which it deals. But Evelyn is interesting only in spite of himself. It is the triumph of matter over manner.

And yet there is more in common between the two diarists than is sometimes supposed. Both at least had the indispensable gift of an insatiable curiosity. In his quiet, rather cold-blooded, and very gentlemanly way, Evelyn contrived to have a hand in most of the great affairs of his time and to see most things that happened in "the town." When, as a youth, he visited Milan, Evelyn records a characteristic incident:—

"Hence into the Governor's Palace, who was Constable of Castile. Tempted by the glorious tapestries and pictures, I adventured so far alone, then peeping into a chamber where the great man was under the barber's hands, he sent one of his negroes (a slave) to know what I was. I made the best excuse I could, and that I was only admiring the pictures, which he returning and telling his lord, I heard the Governor reply that I was a spy; on which I retired with all the speed I could, passed the Guard of Swiss, got into the street, and in a moment to my company, who were going to the Jesuits' Church, which in truth is a noble structure, the front especially, after the modern."

If Evelyn had always written thus, his fame would stand in no need of bolstering. But the passage, if it is more lively than most of his memoirs, is delightfully typical of his amusing discursiveness and of his passion for peeping. Pepys and Evelyn were always peeping; in fact, all good diarists must peep. But the passage also is suggestive of the personal differences between these two champion peepers. Evelyn peeped and ran away, and there are several incidents in his career where his conduct has been called pusillanimous, but which Mr. Dobson kindly terms "cautious." Mr. Pepys, we are convinced, would have bribed that negro slave, would have breakfasted with the Constable, would have spent a merry day with the Constable, and would have written it up the same night, concluding with the familiar formula, "and so with great content to bed." Pepys, in truth, was a sad dog (though Evelyn knew him only as "a very worthy, industrious, and curious person"). He "warmed both hands before the fire of life," and the warmth has passed into his work and vitalised it for ever. As we rake the cold ashes of Evelyn's diary, we discover only now and again a spark of fire. It is no new thing this in literature. Sedley's lyrics were unmatched by Milton for precisely the same reason that Pepys has still his hundred readers to Evelyn's one. In literature, as in life, nothing counts for so much as personality. Blood is thicker than ink.

J. H. LOBBAN.

Reduced from a photogravure. **John Evelyn.**
By R. Nanteuil.
(Reproduced from "Evelyn's Diary," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.*

"I shall never go into exile. I shall never take flight. I shall never be captured on the road to Varennes." These were the words which George Sand put into the mouth of Mademoiselle d'Ortosa in her novel "Malgrétout." Mademoiselle d'Ortosa, though George Sand denied the imputation, was supposed to be founded on the Empress Eugénie. Real and fictional, the two characters certainly resembled each other to this extent: that the Empress, when she had put away to some extent her early frivolity and was learning to be a politician, might well have uttered the emphatic declaration against any possible timid or cowardly course of action.

She would have been justified, so far as a mortal can be, in thus prophesying against fate. The high adventure had been achieved. The rather obscure Spanish girl—the Spanish girl who might have remained obscure without the aid of her marvellous beauty—had become Empress of the French. The Second Empire was running its gay and erratic course. To a high-minded woman it might have seemed that, as nothing save a poor safety could be gained by running away, so running would be impossible. Great spirits cannot conceive of a descent from the summit of ambition, once it has been achieved; and if nothing else is certain of the Empress Eugénie, her courage is hardly to be questioned by the most daring detractor. Yet fate was preparing flight and exile, though it was to spare the last ignominy of capture. Ambition was already mounting the springing-board whence it was to o'erleap itself. Soon that Prussian war was to begin which would bring destruction on the Empire, disgrace upon France. One might almost say, remembering the unreadiness of the French army and the false security of Marshal Lebœuf, that Wilhelmshöhe stood open for an Imperial prisoner, and that a certain Court dentist named Evans was even then being armed for

* The Life of the Empress Eugénie." By Jane T. Stoddart. With six illustrations in photogravure. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

the precarious task of escorting a refugee Empress from Paris to Chislehurst.

This second French flight, however, was a more romantic affair than that to Varennes. It was due to no lack of unwillingness to face the worst at the post of duty. The Empress's courage was equal to dying with her back to the wall and her face against the terrors of the Paris mob. But policy bade her leave the Tuileries—she was determined that "not one drop of blood shall be shed for me or mine"—and when the resolution was taken she pursued it with undaunted heart. As she and her two or three protectors were threading their way in secret through the thronged streets, an uproarious band passed by shouting "A bas l'Espagnole!" and "Vive la République!" M. Nigra asked her if she felt afraid. "Not at all," was the reply. "You are holding my arm; do you feel me tremble?"

Re-reading the story of the astonishing rise and fall of "l'Espagnole" in Miss Stoddart's pages, it is indeed the courage of the adventuress—I use the word in no offensive sense—which strikes one more than the compulsion of her beauty. If her physical charms and the contrast between the brilliance of her triumphs and the melancholy of her misfortunes have caused her to be likened to Mary Queen of Scots, her judicious boldness should serve to distinguish her from that maligned or idolatrously worshipped ruler. Even Bismarck was conquered by the beauty; he confessed that he had never in his life been so dazzled by feminine loveliness; but a whole nation was impressed by the other and finer quality. When the Orsini bombs were thrown, so skilfully that the Empress's hat was riddled with fragments of shell, their Majesties continued the journey to the Opera House as though nothing had happened, and the Empress refused to be helped from the carriage. "No," she said, "I will get out of the carriage alone. Let us show them that we have more courage than they have." She entered the theatre "with stains of blood on her white cashmere *sortie de bal*," sat through the performance, then "drove home amid the acclamations of all Paris, and through brightly-illuminated streets." Nor did she hesitate to stand over the beds of cholera patients in the hospital at Amiens, and on hearing of the "fuss" made over her visit, remarked that big words like heroism should be kept for big things, such as "the noble devotion of the nuns, who are not content to visit the patients for an hour, but tend them till health returns or death sends a release."

Whether her prudence in those days of splendour was equal to her pluck is another question. The frivolities of the Court at Compiègne were not calculated to increase its dignity, nor gratify the sense of a serious nation, as the French, with all their ebullience, may be considered. Her share in the great war of 1870 is a more serious blot on the Empress's reputation. Possibly her influence with Louis Napoleon resembled more closely than was convenient, and of course only in respect of its thoroughness, that of Lady Macbeth on her consort. After all, an Empress is only a woman enthroned on perishable foundations, and we must remember that the education of Mademoiselle de Montijo was hardly suited to the future occupant of an Imperial palace. Miss Stoddart suggests that Prosper Mérimée, not being a man of high ideals or ennobling principle, was not the best guide for the early years of an empress. She is, I think, somewhat too strict in her view of the author of "Carmen," whose affectation of cold reasonableness hid a heart not devoid of the finer feelings; but it may have been unfortunate that another of Mademoiselle de Montijo's early playfellows—the Stendhal who used to take the little Eugénie and her sister on his knees and tell them stories of the great Napoleon—was also a professed cynic. So much, however, will be generally granted: that the Empress was not so lucky in having Mérimée for counsellor as was the little Queen Victoria in being tutored in statesmanship by Lord Melbourne.

Bearing in mind the disadvantage of her upbringing when viewed in relation to her destiny, we must allow the Empress Eugénie no small credit. "She was no longer," says Ollivier in reference to the later days of the Empire, "an empty-minded young woman, captivated by pleasure, absorbed in the happiness of living in a world of homage. She was an ambitious, experienced woman, with a taste for affairs, a natural capacity for understanding and mastering them, eloquence in expounding and discussing them." Miss Stoddart adds: "While the Emperor's will grew feebler, hers was always strong."

Miss Stoddart tells the story as it should be told: not in a spirit of blind adulation, but with a just regard to the conspicuous merits and the human frailties of a woman who has left romance long behind her, and retains in her bereaved retirement honour and universal sympathy.

THOMAS LLOYD.

KIPLING THE MYSTIC.

"Chops, more chops, bloody ones with gristle in them!"—the cry of the baser sort of Imperialist—has gently subsided into a fat smile, a benevolent radiation of sweetness and light, since it dawned upon the Mafficking patriot that he must pay, pay, pay, and yet again pay, for even his most sanguinary and most human chops with his own yellow coin. We have not much belief in the depth of either of these common moods; but we believe there are "the makings of a blooming soul" somewhere behind them, and that these outward manifestations correspond to merely momentary circumstances. There are men on both sides, however, in whose deep-seated sincerity one is compelled to believe. There were heroes on opposite sides in the "Iliad." There are heroes on opposite sides to-day. There would be no grandeur in life but for the fact that its opposites are mighty, and that all great sincerities, if they go deep enough, are rooted in imperishable unity. Whether hard words—traitor, card-sharper, brute and ghoul—break bones or not, they never impart one tremor to that steadfast plinth of things. Political hatreds are of the day, of the hour, of the moment. Death smooths out our troubles; Death—and Love. "In fifty years," declares the great Norman of Mr. Kipling's new book,* as, with a kind of defiant fury, he sanctions the betrothal of a Saxon maid to another Norman, "in fifty years there will be neither Norman nor Saxon, but all English." It will always be the "plinth of things" with which true patriotic literature is concerned. Brutus falls; and—if only in the poet's dream—the Antony who drove him to his death must mourn over his body: "This was the noblest Roman of them all." We have small concern with the little irrelevancies of their mortal feud. If Cæsar, *if* Cæsar, we say, now lies ill at Highbury, we may be assured that the overwhelming Liberal majority is not altogether of the party of Cassius. It may be true that Cæsar was ambitious; but if and if he were Cæsar in very truth, then very certainly it must also be true, in nine cases out of ten, that Brutus is an honourable man who, below the surface of politics, loves not Cæsar less, but Rome more.

"Many roads thou hast fashioned: all of them lead to the Light!" That is one of the lines in Mr. Kipling's "Hymn to Mithras" in the Roman portion of his new book; and it is a very significant one. We see, in this book, signs of a great change in Mr. Kipling. It is not, perhaps, his best work; but it looks like the beginning of his best and greatest work. It would certainly be the most interesting of all his writings if it were not for the fact that it illuminates and makes his former work even more arresting than it was when he had "a voice with which statesmen might have to reckon." In his last book of poems there was one of great pathos called "The Palace," which describes how a Master Builder cleared him ground for a house such as a king should build, and how—under the silt—he came on the wreck of another palace built by a forgotten king.

> "There was no worth in the fashion—there was no wit in the plan—
> Hither and thither, aimless, the ruined footings ran—
> Masonry, brute, mishandled, but carven on every stone
> After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have known."

So to his own well-planned ground-works he tumbled the old quoins and ashlars, cut and reset them anew, and, as the old builder had risen and pleaded, he strove to understand "the form of the dream he had followed in the face of the thing he had planned."

> "When I was a King and a Mason—in the open noon of my pride,
> They sent me a Word from the Darkness—they whispered and called me aside.
> They said—'The end is forbidden.' They said—'Thy use is fulfilled,
> And thy palace shall stand as that other's—the spoil of a king who shall build.'

* "Puck of Pook's Hill." 6s. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)

Portrait of Madame de Warens at 28.
(Reproduced from "Jean Jacques Rousseau," by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

I called my men from my trenches, my quarries, my wharves, and my shears.
All I had wrought I abandoned to the faith of the faithless years.
Only I cut on the timber, only I carved on the stone:
After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I, too, have known."

In "Puck of Pook's Hill" we suspect that Mr. Kipling has for the first time dug through the silt of modern Imperialism. He has gone back to the old ground-works and seen the inscription upon them. The scheme of the book is simple. Some children meet Puck, the fairy, who introduces them in separate, yet connected stories, to Romans, Normans, Saxons, Picts and Englishmen from different periods of our history; and the chief of these characters tell their own stories—grim, humorous and pathetic, in a manner illustrating the respective period of each; and on each successive period one seems to find inscribed—*After me cometh a Builder!* We know no book in the guise of fiction that gives the pageant of our history with such breadth and nobility of feeling, and with so sure and easy a touch. There are few passages in modern fiction more beautiful than that which describes the chivalry of a Norman to a conquered Saxon woman, whom he falls in love with, and eventually, though at first she rails against him as an enemy, wins and weds. There are few passages in modern fiction more stoically grand than the farewell letter of the doomed Cæsar to his two young captains on the Great Wall. And always the cry is, "After me cometh a Builder!" It is impossible to say how far we are justified in saying that Mr. Kipling sees the writing on a certain modern Wall; but there seems to be a note of very deep pathos in the "Hymn to Mithras":—

"Mithras, God of the Noontide, the heather swims in the heat,
Our helmets scorch our foreheads; our sandals burn our feet.
Now, in the ungirt hour; now, ere we blink and drowse,
Mithras, also a soldier, keep us true to our vows!"

And also there is an unexpected note of a very noble humility in the children's final hymn:—

"Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress."

Mr. Kipling was, at the high tide of popular Imperialism, one of the very few popular Imperialists who could either have written or echoed the feeling of his "Recessional." His cry to the true Romance was "Thy face is far from this our war!" How deep this vein of mysticism goes in him it is impossible, at present, to judge. But let popular Imperialists beware of him. The day may come when he will turn and rend them as he turned and rent large masses of his devoted readers in that delightful onslaught which he called "The Islanders." Mystics are always dangerous—to materialists, at any rate; and Mr. Kipling has mysticism in his blood and in his bones. He is, moreover, taking much broader and larger views of cities and men than he did when he wrote his verses on Bombay, for instance. It is a far cry from those verses to this, in his "Puck of Pook's Hill":—

"Cities and Thrones and Powers
Stand in Time's eye
Almost as long as flowers
Which daily die:
But, as new buds put forth
To glad new men,
Out of the spent and unconsidered earth
The Cities rise again."

If Mr. Kipling has really dug through the silt, as we suspect; if he has, indeed, discovered that all roads lead to the Light, and that the greatness of a people depends, eventually, on that finer strength of love, he is indeed at the beginning of his greatest work. He was never more "the interpreter to the English-speaking peoples" than he is in this book. Puck occasionally drops even into Americanisms! Certainly it is one of those works which hasten the fulness of that time when there will be less need to inscribe on our palaces, "After me cometh a builder."

ALFRED NOYES.

ROUSSEAU, DIDEROT, AND GRIMM.*

It is not often that a lady ascends the judicial bench in literature and undertakes, evidence in hand, to revise a verdict accepted by the world at large. No less than this, however, does Mrs. Macdonald attempt in her two portly volumes, which may be summed up as the whitewashing of that ambiguous hero Jean Jacques. The materials for so difficult a performance have been collected during twenty years. They include a whole range of manuscript authorities, carefully studied in Paris; the singular collection known as Grimm's "Literary Correspondence"; much modern literature from Musset Pathay to Mr. John Morley; and copious passages in the Letters of Voltaire, as well as from other contemporaries, given in French. There is a full index, but I have not relied upon it, preferring to go through the story as Mrs. Macdonald sets it down.

After so many years' exploring in documents, it is natural that the writer should imagine everyone as deeply conversant with Rousseau and his times as she is herself. But he is really not familiar to the average even of cultivated persons in this country. Neither, for matter of that, is Voltaire, except by name. A brief sketch of Jean Jacques' life and writings, with dates, would have served to introduce the complicated narrative, which now plunges headlong *in medias res*. Hence the second volume is much more intelligible and flows more easily than the first; we have had time to get acquainted with all these "virtuous" people—Encyclopædists, great ladies, conspirators against the citizen of Geneva, and their following—while the drama moves on to its painful close.

None who find themselves dealing with Rousseau—the man or his books and theories—bring to the subject a perfectly white light. Every critic has his point of view. I have mine, which is not that of Mrs. Macdonald. And I confess to not having budged from it after a pretty strong effort to see the prophet of the French Revolution with her eyes. If, being a Catholic, I am prejudiced one way, the vehement lady whose religious and political principles I cannot make out from these pages, is equally so, but in an opposite direction. I am likewise Philistine enough to smile at the "virtue" of the French eighteenth century, whether displayed in Jean Jacques or in his fellows and their female companions. There was a cant of the Roundheads which we do not greatly love; the cant of "sentiment," "philosophy," "philanthropy," is just as hateful; and, certainly, after Robespierre has given us his crimson commentary upon it, we should be innocent indeed if it still took us in. But it captivates our judge on the bench. She quotes, among others, Mirabeau to Sophie, "Not for his talents do I envy this extraordinary man, but for his virtue—the source of his eloquence, the soul of his works!" Mirabeau envying the Master's virtue is a delightful scene. Then, it will be objected, what of Kant and Schiller, who praise it as fervently? To that I answer, the history of

* "Jean Jacques Rousseau: A New Criticism." By Frederica Macdonald. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

German sentimentalism explains their language, but it does not wash the blackamoor white.

Coming to the "new criticism," we observe that it is a chapter in biography, or in several biographies, dealing with Madame d'Epinay and her circle, with Diderot, Grimm, Voltaire, and David Hume, so far as these "persecuted," for various reasons, the austere teacher who charged upon them a plot to destroy his character and influence. Mrs. Macdonald finds proof of such an elaborate conspiracy in the "Memoirs" written by Madame d'Epinay; a romance which critics have relied upon as giving true incidents under feigned names. It will be for experts in handwriting and minute detail to decide how much of Mrs. Macdonald's contention is valid. In any case, the revisions apparently made by Mme. d'Epinay in her own manuscript, at the dictation of Grimm and Diderot, are highly suggestive, and were worth bringing to public notice. The story is long, perplexed, entertaining. More within ordinary range are the extracts from the "Literary Correspondence." They discover Grimm in a most unamiable light, and once for all dispose of the "integrity" which Mr. John Morley allows to that sycophant of crowned heads, who will not, I think, be rehabilitated. Diderot comes out of the ordeal scarcely better. His "false letters," conversations, and replies to Jean Jacques reveal an odious temperament, domineering, jealous, and double-dealing. So far, the jury will agree with the judge. Even Voltaire, who was not Rousseau's friend, and consequently free from obligations towards him, comes forth as a needless liar in his very amusing correspondence. But, granting all Mrs. Macdonald's discoveries, and thanking her for them, will the twelve men in the box conclude as she does, and send away her client without a stain on his character? To me that seems impossible.

For the accuser is really Jean Jacques himself. We may know nothing of his enemies but what he tells us; be unversed in Mme. d'Epinay's romantic libel, and never have come across Grimm's "Correspondence." It is from the "Confessions" and the several works left by this remarkable genius that we form our idea of him, not from the witness borne by others. And in his writings he appears to be the twofold personage that Mrs. Macdonald would fain reduce to one. He is always the man whom Christophe de Beaumont (prompted by the Encyclopædists or not) has described surpassingly well in the first part of his charge against "Emile." Rousseau writes himself down as sensual, proud, hypochondriacal, awkward, reserved, fanatical, suspicious, difficult—as well as charmingly simple, attachable, tender-hearted, and gay. Why should he not have been all this in mood and season? Is "varium semper et mutabile" true only of woman? Does it not apply to many men, perhaps to all sentimentalists? Rousseau's advocate may demolish the "Memoirs" and the "Correspondence" which paint him in gloomy colours; I see not how she is to pass a sponge over the "Confessions."

She cannot believe that a mind so unpleasant as, on the strength of his own words, we ascribe to Jean Jacques, could have dictated melting discourses in praise of natural virtue. No one, however, affirms that he was insincere; the psychology of sentiment is not so easily tabulated. Feeling, by definition, falls into moods; and to be susceptible is to undergo them. Like other mortals, Rousseau had his virtues and his vices; but his vices were made more repulsive by the sickly humanitarian eloquence which he bequeathed to his disciples of the Convention. He created a form in which the hypocrisy of republican Tartuffes might array itself—a jargon as detestable as the rights with which it juggled were sacred. To prove the Grimms and Diderots scoundrels is by no means labour lost. But Rousseau has erected his own pillory in the "Confessions"; from it he will not be taken down until French becomes a dead, nay, and a forgotten language.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE MODERN PAPACY.*

Some years ago I lighted upon a book, written by an American author, entitled "Rome in the Nineteenth Century." It was startling, for it seemed to be a fragment of ancient history. Reflection brought an explanation. That which we later Victorians knew with conscious satisfaction as the Nineteenth Century began in truth very few years before we were born. The American writer had visited Rome during the pontificate of Pius VII. or of Leo XII.; those Popes were chronologically of the nineteenth century, but they had nothing to do with the century as we knew it.

The last sixty years have seen the rise of a new power in the world—the modern papacy. It is called reactionary, and in a sense it is such; it is said to have furbished anew the weapons of the Middle Ages, and in a very limited sense that is true. But in a far more important sense the whole thing is a new development. It has its roots in the past, of course; it cannot be understood without reference to the past. But that is equally true of every revolution. The modern papacy is a revolutionary growth.

The history of this revolution has been partly written by a Danish bishop. Dr. Nielsen is peculiarly well equipped for the work. To a thorough knowledge of history he adds a remarkable freedom from prejudice. The Protestant Church of Denmark is untroubled by controversy about the Roman question. No German Lutheran or Evangelical could write with the same detachment. An English divine would have his eye continuously fixed on controversial advantage. The Old-Catholic Nippold has treated the same subject with immense erudition, but with a bitterness that is easily understood. The Bishop of Aarhus tells the story as one that has the greatest interest for him, but an interest clouded by no personal prejudice. He has no case to make out, no *kulturkampf* to maintain, and there are no claims that he must rebut.

I say that Dr. Nielsen has written part only of the history of the revolution. He ends with the death of Pius IX. But that was no epoch. It gravely affected the fortunes of some ecclesiastics—Cardinal Manning, for example. It involved an important change of methods. Pius IX. was "an honest priest, but nothing more," as the Russian Envoy at the Vatican said on one critical occasion; his personal incom-

Rousseau in 1766.
(Reproduced from "Jean Jacques Rousseau," by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

* "The History of the Papacy in the XIXth Century." By Dr. Fredrik Nielsen, Bishop of Aarhus, and formerly Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Copenhagen. Translated under the direction of Arthur James Mason, D.D., Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Murray.)

The Green-Room, Drury Lane.

(Reproduced from "Garrick and His Circle," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

petence was often a cause of difficulty for his advisers; his long pontificate was important because he lent himself steadily to the development of certain ideas. His successor devoted a period almost as long to his own personal work on the same lines. He brought to the task a patience and a diplomatic skill superior to all that had gone before. He raised the character of the Curia by setting his face sternly against all scandals; and he did this with considerable success in all things except finance. Leo XIII. was the creator of the papacy as we now know it. Dr. Neilsen's work breaks off at an awkward moment. He does not propose to leave it there; another volume may be expected before long. But as it stands it is incomplete.

It is incomplete in one other respect. As if recalling Mosheim's iron distinction, Dr. Nielsen has written a separate work on the Inner Life (*Det indre Liv*) of the Roman Church during his period. In the work under review he therefore applies himself too closely to the external policy of the papacy. It is, none the less, an invaluable history; and Dr. Mason has done well to bring it within reach of English readers, few of whom could use it in the original.

Dr. Nielsen understands the importance of links with the past. He has filled a quarter of his space before reaching the Conclave of 1799. He has made a rapid but brilliant survey of the three great movements of thought which the papacy encountered during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—Jansenism, Gallicanism and Febronianism. Often confused, they are by him accurately distinguished. It was in contest with them that the influence of the papacy sank to its lowest ebb; it was by reason of their cross-currents that the Popes were able to weather the storm. They have to be studied, both as the causes of the decline from which the papacy has risen, and also as furnishing the materials of the antagonism which it has overcome. None of these movements survived integrally the catastrophe of the great revolution which ended the eighteenth century; the task of the Popes during the nineteenth century was therefore different from that of their predecessors, but the one task cannot be understood without reference to the others. The cross-currents were still running, long after they had lost their true direction. Dr. Nielsen shows how Niebuhr's bitterness against Febronianism, the German theory of an independent episcopate, enabled Consalvi, in 1821, to effect a concordat with Prussia, which paved the way for astonishing developments.

It is important to observe how much of the work of Rome is done by old men. That explains both the continuity of policy in the Curia, and its singular backwardness. Down to 1847 the Popes and their chief ministers were men who belonged to the eighteenth century. They were preparing the way for their successors, but they could not themselves enter into the movements of the new era. Leo XIII., again, who has so lately passed away, appears in these pages as an interested watcher of the Conclave of 1829. The comparative youth of Pius IX. made his election a turning point, but even he and his counsellors did but take up the position which others had occupied thirty years earlier. They were in more than one sense at the beginning of the century for the Roman Church.

Dr. Nielsen does not despise the anecdotal side of history, illustrating grave matters by quips and epigrams; but he keeps it in due subordination. He gives a maimed rendering of Talleyrand's famous gibe at Lareveillère-Lépeaux and his Theophilanthropy. As I have heard the story, the apostate bishop advised the Director, if he would found a new religion, to get himself crucified and to rise again the third day. The offences of Churchmen are never glozed, but neither are they accentuated; the Danish Baron Gleichen is quoted as saying that if the Jesuits were as bad as they were painted, they would never have been suppressed. It was said in keen-sighted allusion to the fears of poison which haunted Clement XIV. Whatever else Leo XIII. may have done, he certainly made the Curia respectable; his work is illustrated by the manners and morals that continued down to his time. Leo XII. was the last Pope to bring into the world a brood of bastards, and the revolution had already made it impossible for him to acknowledge them; but the bad tradition still drove people to suspect Gregory XVI. of licentiousness. That incomparable blackguard, the Neapolitan Cardinal Ruffo, had not lost his importance in the Conclave of 1829; in 1830 the aged and unreformed rake, Cardinal Albani, could *fare il papa*, though he had to renounce all hope of his own election. Pius IX. had always been a man of clean life, whatever may be thought of some minor escapades of his youth; but his incurable levity stood in the way of his wish to be a moral reformer, and he put himself willingly into the hands of a scoundrel like Antonelli. At the present day such scandals seem almost incredible; it is an amazing result of one pontificate. On the other hand, it is not easy to understand how Leo XIII., with his political past, acquired the reputation of a *santo*. As a young man I knew an old, blind exile, who had been a member of the first Liberal ministry of Pius IX. When the result of the Conclave of 1878 was known, he gave me a bitter pasquinade:—

"Non un pio, non un clemente;
Un leone—ma senza dente."

When I saw the Pope eighteen years afterwards, an apparent incarnation of piety and clemency, the memory of the lines and the comment on them came back to me and filled me with wonder. The modern papacy is indeed a new thing. Its worth has yet to be tried. T. A. LACEY.

THE ACTOR AND HIS ART.*

If another book on Garrick is wanted, then Mrs. Clement Parsons' "Garrick and his Circle" is acceptable. It is true that the only new material to which she has had access is a collection of not very important letters written to and by

* "Garrick and his Circle." By Mrs. Clement Parsons. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Garrick; but there is material and to spare for a dozen such volumes as that now under consideration. At the outset it may be said that Mrs. Parsons has done her work well, at least in so far as the study of the numerous authorities. Indeed, one regards with awe the formidable list of "works consulted." Nothing has escaped Mrs. Parsons. She has even read "The English Church in the Eighteenth Century," by Charles John Albany and John Henry Overton, Anna Seward's Letters, and the half-dozen volumes of "The New Foundling Hospital of Wit"; and, having imbibed so much knowledge, laments that she has "made so few references to public and national life, seldom in a condition of greater flux and progress than during Garrick's years," and states that it is a "matter of some concern" to her that she has been compelled to relegate to a brief chronicle occupying only two pages such subjects as "the decay of Jacobitism, the gradual softening of religious bigotry in England, the growth of modern forms of political discontent, the American Revolution and its influences here"! Exactly what place in "Garrick and his Circle" these matters would have had, it is not easy to say; and, to be frank, it is fortunate that considerations of space prevented the author from inserting her views—even though it leaves her lamenting. As the book stands, not even the study of many dull tomes has made it dull. It is, on the contrary, very light reading; in fact, too light to have any enduring value. Mrs. Parsons admits frankly that her aim has been "to make each one of a series of vignettes illustrate Garrick's character or career in contrast with this or that group of outside characters and events; the result reminds us of a collection of magazine articles: "Eighteenth Century Lichfield," "The Great Actor," "Old Theatrical Ways," "Garrick as Author," "The *Beau Monde*," "Foreign Friends and Visits," and so on. As serious a fault, and even more irritating, is the style adopted by Mrs. Parsons. While it is undesirable that a writer on the eighteenth century shall be so realistic as to ape the pompous manner of many writers of that period, it is to be expected that an author shall seek a dignified medium through which to impart information. It is in this matter that Mrs. Parsons sins, and sins grievously, for she indulges not only in modern colloquialisms, but also from time to time in the slang of the coster. She refers to the Shakespearean Jubilee celebrations at Stratford as Garrick's "beano" (page 331); she says of Foote, "He was what the human boy would call a funny swine" (page 127): it is unnecessary to multiply examples.

Garrick has suffered from no lack of biographers. Thomas Davies started off with a readable account of the great man's life, but that was before Boswell's "Johnson" appeared. Then Arthur Murphy produced a dull but not inaccurate record; Mr. Percy Fitzgerald followed suit in a readable volume, and Mr. Joseph Knight subsequently issued a fourth "Life" that is more concerned with the theatrical history of the times than with Garrick and his personality; but there is still room for a definitive life of the man.

It requires a genius to write an interesting biography of an actor, and even in these days of "puff" paragraphs, when newspaper-celebrities are three-a-penny, geniuses are still rare. Of all personalities, that of the actor is the most elusive. "Off as well as on the stage, Garrick is always an actor," Johnson said to Fanny Burney; and this statement applies in some degree to all the exponents of the art. Player-folk live in an unreal atmosphere; they lead an unreal life. Their existence is centred in the few hours daily when they strut upon the boards and make themselves a motley to the view. Having to exaggerate on the stage—and the great actor is he who exaggerates most skilfully—the natural tendency is to carry exaggeration into what to the rest of the world is real life. Actors lose their sense of proportion; they regard their calling as the greatest and most dignified. Yet only the unreal is to them of importance: their lives, their loves, their homes are secondary considerations; the moment the affairs of life take the primary place in their minds, their performances are adversely affected. This is why so many actresses deteriorate as actresses if they marry happily. The actor—it must be understood that we write of the great majority, not of all—lives only at the playhouse, where reign mimic love and mimic hate, mimic dignity, bravery, tragedy. He is comic or sad with another's words; he succeeds only when he is unreal, failing whenever he is natural. There are actors to-day as in bygone years who have intelligence beyond the ordinary, but if these succeed, it is in spite of, not because of this gift; for acting is not a matter of intellect, but of temperament. Likewise, it is not the well-bred man of the upper classes who succeeds on the stage, for all his life he has been struggling to suppress public indication of his emotions, and he never successfully overcomes the training of his early years. He may give a clever rendering of a part, but he can never, to use a theatrical phrase, throw himself into it. Acting is the art of conveying across the footlights what the actor is *supposed* to be feeling. It is commonly said that the actor "feels" his part. This is not so: the actor playing tragedy, who experienced the hate, remorse, and other violent emotions, would be dead within a twelvemonth. Yet, as an actor has to *pretend* for three hours a day, and to devote more hours to think *how* he will pretend, this becomes a matter of habit, and, as Johnson said, actors act off as well as on the stage, though usually unconscious of this peculiarity.

It is these things that make it so difficult to write the actor's biography, these and the further fact that the actor's work dies with him, and that not even the most brilliant description of how a part was played conveys the slightest knowledge to the reader. Thus, Mrs. Parsons tells us, "Garrick's predecessors had made Macbeth robustious, and an inferior part to Macduff; but he brought out the internal conflict, the frightful foresight of Macbeth, and eliminated bluster. A contemporary critic thought his Macbeth too dejected." We ought to learn something from this, but how little it helps us, for it is the actor's appearance, his voice, his manner—and sometimes his mannerisms—but above all his charm, that makes a rendering memorable and impressive. And it is just these things that are too intangible to be conveyed in words.

Garrick as Steward of the Stratford Jubilee, 1769.
(Reproduced from "Garrick and His Circle," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

ORIENTAL RELIGION.*

It is just fifty years ago since Professor Max Müller fascinated and startled the learned world by his elaborate presentment of the solar theory of the origin of mythical gods. In an article contributed to the "Oxford Essays" of 1856, he maintained that the names given to the sun, moon, dawn, and other celestial phenomena lost their original meaning wholly or partially, and came to be regarded as the names of actual deities and heroes, whose actions and adventures are disguised or forgotten descriptions of the play of light and darkness, or of the storm and thunder. Twenty years later, Dr. Goldziher, applying the theory to Hebrew history, sought to prove that Abraham and Isaac were sun myths, and resolved the twelve sons of Jacob into the zodiacal signs. The result, as Matthew Arnold humorously said, was that "we could hardly look up at the sun without having the sensations of a moth." The solar theory is dead. Based upon assumed equations between the meaning of the names of Greek and Vedic gods, nearly all of which are now disproved, and finding little or no support from elements shaping the theologies of the lower races, it only rendered valuable service in stimulating research in sounder directions, and passed away. The methods of anthropology, for which science Professor Max Müller candidly admitted he had no taste, have given firm foundations to the branch of inquiry known as comparative theology. And in that inquiry Dr. Frazer stands among the foremost. In his "Golden Bough," first published in 1890, he starts by placing side by side the large surviving mass of customs and superstitions of existing barbaric peoples and of the unlettered in civilised communities with corresponding ideas and practices recorded in ancient rituals and other literatures. Carrying on the work of Mannhardt and others, Dr. Frazer has sought in the earth beneath us, rather than in the heaven above us, for the materials out of which man in all times and places has shaped the great company of gods and lesser spiritual beings.

The present volume is to be incorporated into the third edition of the "Golden Bough," which is now in active preparation. Its importance in relation to the general theory of that work is shown in the fact that while the sections dealing with Adonis, Attis, and Osiris in the first and second editions fill some fifty pages each, the present enlargement is sixfold.

For the advantage of readers who may come fresh to the subject, the opening chapter summarises the main thesis, which, in brief, supersedes a solar cult by an agricultural cult. Primitive religions have their stimulus in physical needs, the most dominant of these being food-supply. Man sees "how intimately his own life is bound up with that of nature, and how the same processes which freeze the stream and strip the earth of vegetation menace him with extinction." The essence of religion is the doctrine of spirits: beings of unknown, and, therefore, dreaded potency, yet conceived as existences corresponding in some vague way to his own. He observes their operation everywhere, especially in living things, with whose changes and fate theirs appears to be bound up. In the varying but recurring seasons he explains the life and death of the gods; he pictures to himself "the growth and decay of vegetation, the birth and death of living creatures, as effects of the waxing and waning strength of divine beings, of gods and goddesses who were born and died, who married and begot children, on the pattern of human life."

Hence the origin of a number of magical rites, the purpose of which was to secure the rebirth and resurrection of the dead god, and thus assure the fruitfulness of the corn, or vine, or whatever else had decayed. "Under the names of Osiris, Tammuz, Adonis, and Attis, the peoples of Egypt and western Asia represented the yearly cessation and revival of life, especially of vegetable life, which they personified as a god who annually died, and rose again from the dead."

In the particular features attaching to these gods of fertility, Dr. Frazer's inquiries emphasise his conviction that religion has been profoundly influenced by each people's physical surroundings. The nature of the material in which the sculptor strives to express his conceptions largely determines that expression. Phidias could not have produced his matchless statues from the stubborn granite of Egypt, and the Sphinxes of the Nile valley might have worn a less relentless look had they been fashioned of the marble of Pentelicus. And so with the spiritual. Man's conceptions of it are ruled by his environment. The stern, strong gods of Scandinavian mythology are the outcome of the bleak northern clime; while the more gracious gods of the Ægean have, as Mr. Myers says of Herodotus, "caught the smile upon the face of Greece." Fortifying his convictions, Dr. Frazer has taken considerable pains to describe the scenery of the native lands of the famous gods with whom this volume is concerned. He has not been to Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, but he has steeped himself in the descriptions of those countries by modern travellers, and the result is a vivid and skilful picture of such sacred sites as the Corycian Cave, the gorge of the Adonis in Mount Lebanon, and the Hot Springs of Hercules.

The third chapter of the second edition of the "Golden Bough," in which the leading idea of the work—the killing of the man-god before his decay sets in, lest in that decay the vigour of the plant be involved—has numerous examples of deities of vegetation. But the general similarity of the myth and ritual of Osiris to those of Attis and Adonis, and the remarkable parallels with the gods of other religions which these suggest, warrant the prominence which the additional evidence given in this volume further secures them. "In all three cases we see a god whose untimely and violent death is mourned by a loving goddess and annually celebrated by his worshippers," and whose resurrection is the occasion of festivals. The study of each deity, attractive in itself to the student of man's spiritual history, is rendered more so by Dr. Frazer's facile and graceful exposition, transfer of examples of which exceeds our space limits. Both Adonis, whence is derived Adonai, the name often applied to Jehovah; and Osiris, "the suffering, whose name I refrain from mentioning," says Herodotus, ring more familiar to the ear than the Phrygian Attis, the virgin-born, whose mother conceived through putting a ripe fruit in her bosom (as in the Finnish epic, the Kalevala, Marjatta conceives through swallowing a red bilberry), and who was beloved by the famous goddess Cybele, "Magna Mater," whose image, a small unhewn stone, was brought from Phrygia to Rome, B.C. 204. The legend tells how Attis mutilated himself unto death, while the priests of his cult unmanned themselves on entering the service of Cybele. At the spring equinox (the rites in Rome were akin to those in Phrygia) a pine-tree, symbol of the metamorphosis of Attis, swathed in cerements, wreathed with violets, and with an effigy of the god tied to it, was carried through the streets to the sanctuary of Cybele. On the third day of the festival the high priest and his assistants gashed themselves, bespattering the altar of the goddess and the pine tree with their blood, as, Dr. Frazer reminds us, the Australian aborigines cut themselves on the graves of the dead that these may live again. Probably on this Day of Blood the effigy of the mourned Attis was buried. To the night that fell on these scenes of frenzy there succeeded the *Hilaria*, or Festival of Joy, when the god was believed to rise from the dead. Two days later the feast ended with a procession to the brook Almo, when the image of Cybele and other sacred objects were washed in the stream. Such was the yearly solemnisation of the death and resurrection of Attis in spring. The part which the pine tree plays in his legend, his ritual, and his monuments witnesses to the primitive conception of him as a tree-spirit, and, "like tree-spirits in general, he was apparently thought to wield power over the fruits of the earth, or even to be identical with the corn. He was addressed as the 'reaped green (or yellow) ear of corn,' and the story of his sufferings, death, and resurrection was interpreted as the ripe grain wounded by the reaper, buried in the granary, and coming to life again when it is sown in the ground," while "the bathing of the image of the goddess in a river may well have been a rain-charm to ensure abundant supply of moisture for the crops."

Such, in brief outline, is one of the crowd of examples of the customs practised among all sorts and conditions of men to secure the revival of the spirit of vegetation year by year. There is a mass of allied material which fills the pages of the "Golden Bough," and overflows in footnotes; material the precise meaning of which in minor details is challenged, but the significance of which cannot now be matter of question.

* "Adonis Attis Osiris: Studies in the History of Oriental Religion." By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., etc. 10s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

Dr. Frazer has not infrequently to qualify explanations as tentative, for the vagaries of the human mind, whether it be primitive or advanced, are not easy to follow; but the main fabric which his scholarship, research, and skill have erected abides unshaken. In dealing, as inevitable, with the influence of other Oriental religions on Christianity, as in the borrowing of the festival of Christmas from the Mithraic religion, and perhaps that of Easter from the festival of Attis, it is satisfactory to note, as against certain schools of ultra-Pyrrhonism not yet extinct, that Dr. Frazer supports the historical reality of Jesus. "The great religious movements which have stirred humanity to its depths, and altered the beliefs of nations, spring ultimately from the conscious and deliberate efforts of extraordinary minds, not from the blind, unconscious co-operation of the multitude."

EDWARD CLODD.

LORD ROSEBERY ON LORD RANDOLPH.*

Lord Rosebery's tribute to the memory of his old friend and political adversary is a graceful and valuable supplement to Mr. Winston Churchill's fine biography. As the author truly observes, "the knowledge of a contemporary and that of a son are essentially different," and none but an intimate contemporary in age could have portrayed the father as he was before the son was born—none but a contemporary in politics could have gauged, as from within the enemy's headquarters, the influence of the statesman upon affairs. By his "Pitt," his "Peel" and his "Napoleon," Lord Rosebery has taught us greatly to prize his biographical studies; but there was necessarily absent from these the personal strain which imparts such a peculiar, if melancholy, charm to his "Randolph."

The public is insatiable, perhaps pardonably so, for personalities about distinguished people, nor can they complain about short commons in that fare; but Lord Rosebery's delineation differs as widely from the crude revelations of the interviewer as a delicately cut cameo does from a kodak "snap." From his earliest reminiscence of Randolph at Eton—"a small boy in an extremely disreputable hat"—down to the "last phase," when he saw him off "on a voyage round the world in a desperate hunt for health," vigour of portraiture and tenderness of detail are never wanting.

If it is chiefly for these personal traits that this little volume will be esteemed, there are not wanting passages of more profound significance. When Lord Randolph joined Lord Salisbury's Government in 1885 he was bound by an unwritten compact with Parnell that the Coercion Act should not be renewed, and made this a stipulation before accepting office. In later years he repented, and drew up a memorandum blaming himself as the immediate cause of Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule. "This can scarcely be called a new light," observes Lord Rosebery, "for it is obvious that this decision [about the Coercion Act] was the starting point of the new Liberal departure." Obvious enough to Lord Rosebery, it appears, who was in the innermost councils of the Liberal party; but not so to the ingenuous outsider; nor is the "new light" reflected from Mr. Morley's pages. The incident leads Lord Rosebery to ask whether "Lord Randolph and his colleagues made, in June, 1885, the discovery that the abandonment of coercion would drive Mr. Gladstone to a Home Rule policy?" and to answer that question in a manner the reverse of reassuring to faith in government by party.

> "What is there in party warfare so exalted and so refined as to make party leaders recoil from driving their opponents to a course at once perilous and open to the most sensible of all reproaches? . . . The question answers itself. The rules of warfare do not proscribe, they rather prescribe, the forcing of an adversary to take up an exposed and untenable position. And Randolph, when he wrote his penitent memorandum, must have forgotten that he had been in 1885 a fierce and zealous party chief; by no means careful to discriminate between legitimate and illegitimate methods of warfare. . . . It is difficult to believe that he did not realise to some extent that he was forcing Mr. Gladstone on to the horns of fresh concessions in the Irish dilemma. But it is quite within the bounds of probability that in afterwards writing this minute, when his judgment had cooled, this fact was no longer present in his mind."

My own impression as a member of the Parliamentary rank and file at the time, and afterwards as a subordinate colleague of Lord Randolph at the Treasury, does not coincide with this view. If that was Randolph's conscious design, it was scrupulously concealed from his followers; for knowledge, even suspicion, thereof would have utterly alienated that enthusiastic support which they then accorded to him, and only withdrew later when the alternative became the stable Conservatism of Lord Salisbury or the paradoxical Tory-Democracy of his brilliant colleague.

Talking of Tory-Democracy, Lord Rosebery mentions an interesting forecast which he hazarded on reading Randolph's memorable Dartford speech.

> "I may, perhaps, be forgiven for remembering that the day I read it I said to a friend—'Randolph will be out or the Government broken up before Christmas.' My friend gibed. But the following December, as I was dozing at midnight in a railway carriage on the North-West of India, he burst in with a newspaper. 'By Jove, you're right after all.' 'What about?' 'Randolph has resigned.'"

Lord Rosebery passes under succinct but luminous review the causes which precipitated that resignation, dismissing as unfounded the notion that Lord Salisbury had "courted the crash." Randolph, always living at high pressure, had forced the pace too fiercely; to Salisbury, the resignation came as a relief from perpetual worry and discord.

In speculating upon Randolph Churchill's place in history, Lord Rosebery has the following pregnant passage.

> "Only History can say. That Muse has a sieve of her own; much that was reputed corn is found to be chaff, and unexpected treasures of grain are found in it. Private members of Parliament, like Francis Horner, survive the highest officers of State. Men like Newcastle wield the power of the country for half a century, and are only remembered as objects of scorn. Intellectual princes like Fox and Canning enjoy their political supremacy but for a few months, while to the honest mediocrity of Liverpool, after a long tenure of high office, there comes a fifteen years' tenure of the Prime Ministership; it all seems a chance, though there is nothing perhaps less accidental."

With this may be compared the expression of precisely the same thought by Théophile Gautier, Lord Rosebery's equal in delicacy of phrase.

> "Il se fait d'ailleurs d'étranges revirements dans les réputations, et les auréoles changent souvent de têtes. Après la mort, des fronts obscurs s'allument. Pour les uns, la postérité—c'est la nuit: pour les autres, c'est l'aurore!"

If this is so with men, not less is it so with books; and albeit Lord Rosebery assigns to Mr. Winston Churchill's memoir a place among "the first dozen, perhaps the first half-dozen, biographies in our language," it may well be that his own modest little volume will hold attention long after interest has fallen away from its theme. For it is full of large-minded discursion and historical parallel, the fruit of a mind well versed in affairs and enriched with a wide knowledge of literature. The subsidiary sketches are scarcely of inferior merit to the main study: take that of Northcote on page 168. Small as the compass of the volume, the temptation to quotation is greater than the space wherein to yield to it. If the critic must carp, he can detect but a tiny flaw in the polished style of the author. To write "if" instead of "whether" is not only faulty syntax, but sometimes a little confusing to the sense.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

* "Lord Randolph Churchill." By Lord Rosebery. 3s. 6d. (Arthur L. Humphreys.)

VETERAN MEMORIES.*

We are proud of the Old Guard, and their "memories and thoughts" are what we value. Mr. Frederic Harrison says that he is not a man of letters, because he has "never wasted an hour in thinking about style," and because he has had "always some practical object in view. . . . Literature is art, and the artist should never preach." But this is no disability; it was not one with More or Burke. Mr. Harrison is not precisely a historian, though he has a theory of history, and historic feeling is part of his religion. He is not, and does not say that he is, an original philosopher; he is a spokesman, not slavish, of the conceptions of Comte. He is not a single-minded critic of art and form; his social and doctrinal passions cut across any such activity; but he is a craftsman—a swordsman of a bold, strong school, who admires subtler things much as the hard-hitting crusader in "The Talisman" admired the dividing skill of Saladin. He is a man of letters after all. It would

* "Memories and Thoughts: Men—Books—Cities—Art." By Frederic Harrison. 8vo., pp. ix. 433. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

be hard to name anything that he has written better than some pages of this book, or that anyone else could have written so well in the same style. When we first read him in the early eighties, rhetoric and a certain monotony of pitch were not always absent. He is not arguing or contending now, or proclaiming Comte, but is writing of things seen and felt, with an occasional burst of prejudice or antipathy that is often well founded and gives race and gallant colour to his page. He has a robust, a duly puzzled contempt for the follies of our society, for battues, fast young women, and gambling; and with these evils he couples the smoking of tobacco, as to which he has the fastidiousness imputed to Goethe.

The book is a gathering of brief articles printed already and mostly written since 1895. The longest is the personal retrospect contributed to an American paper in 1890; an epilogue is now added. This note of twenty pages forms part of Mr. Harrison's Memoirs yet unpublished, and is a document of real worth—the cartoon, in a few free thick strokes, of an experience and a mental history that cover the whole reign of Victoria. Mr. Harrison has watched all the changes "that have transformed our outer life and have deeply modified our mental life" during that span of time. He differs from the shyer or stiffer elders of his own creed—have they never wondered, on their own principles, why it should take so little hold on "humanity"?—because he has been everywhere, and has mixed in public life and society. He has known every one; the list of twenty men of note with whom he has conversed begins with "Gambetta, Mazzini, Renan, and Michelet," and ends with "John Burns, Spencer, Comte, John Morley, and Gladstone." You feel the presence of this commerce in his style; not that it makes him flexibly discriminative, for a certain deadness in that quality and a professional unthinking width of sympathy attend the true Comtist. But there is a sense conveyed of air and brine; and we are hearing a man who has lived in the bigger tides of English life and not merely with the saved in some curious conventicle. To the nobler and therefore less popular sides of his adopted faith Mr. Harrison has all the time been true, and his steadfastness to that faith has made him a healthy alien element in our midst. He is never better than when celebrating a great indisputable figure like King Alfred. The deepest thing in the Positivists is their cult of Mnemosyne, the goddess of historic Memories, whom our countrymen are slow to honour unless tempted thereto by party passion. Mr. Harrison's advice, bravely given, to plant a great statue on the hill at Winchester, to found a Mausoleum, or *Heroum*, with Alfred for the centre, and to bring out a worthy edition of his collected writings, is in his happiest manner. The article on "The True Cosmopolis" shows the fruits of his faith in another way, and is a stately plea for a higher international spirit, not insipidly "cosmopolitan." Mr. Harrison probably forgives Matthew Arnold's description of Comte as a "grotesque old French pedant" when he remembers his picture of "Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result." This idea derives more from Goethe than from Comte.

Mr. Harrison tells us clearly the essential traits of his own development. In the year of revolutions, 1848, he had already begun to think, but he was in no hurry to fix his political or religious convictions. He formed them not by breach or violence, but after slow growth and transition, as it seems without wrenchings or any bitter turmoil, and after letting many influences and persons work upon him. Brought up a High Churchman, and inclining in boyhood to be "something of a Neo-Catholic," he left Oxford "without assured belief in any form of supernatural doctrine." But the change was a kind of dissolving view, without "moral deterioration, loss of peace, or storms of the soul. I never parted with any belief till I had found its complement." The supernatural disappeared for him; and how he yet was able, even in a modified sense, to keep his faith in "a supreme Providence, an immortal soul," must be told, we take it, in the Memoirs not yet published. In politics the current of his mind at last set all one way. The pupil of Saffi, the witness of the Chartist movement and the *coup d'état*, without any "hereditary or acquired prejudices in favour of any class or any special type of society," could not doubt in the end how to enrol himself. "Gradually I settled into a deep, lasting, and passionate sympathy with the popular cause everywhere and in all forms." This feeling has known no change. Mr. Harrison has never been touched, we may judge, for one hour by the reaction of the last thirty years, which has its source in the personality of Bismarck, so far as it is effected by any single man, and which is a gloomy trial to those who wish to believe in the evolution of humankind. Mr. Harrison commands our respect as one of those who were moulded intellectually when faith ran high. It is best in a review to fix on these salient features: no justice can be done to the stray records of such a life. Mr. Harrison's Italian notes, his views on Tennyson, Thackeray, and Gibbon, on Ruskin, and even on the nude in art, would each ask an article. He gives himself scant leisure for refinements or reserves, he enjoys his books with a sane, buoyant enthusiasm, and weariness has laid no touch upon his mind.

OLIVER ELTON.

SOCIAL SILHOUETTES.*

If only Mr. Russell would have said what he means by calling his book "Social Silhouettes"! We puzzle and ponder in vain. The profile portraits called silhouettes, so cleverly cut out of black court plaster, were invented in the eighteenth century and named after a minister of Louis XV., but why no philologist seems to know. How can they be social? It struck me as perhaps a new device of the satirist—to sketch in profile, correctly enough for identification, the features of the persons and parties who have deservedly incurred his displeasure, and then to fill in the outlines with the deepest black. Not a bit of it. After all, the formula is only the invention of a distracted newspaper editor with the usual instinct for big words and alliteration, at his wits' end to find a good selling title for a series of snippets. For one has not to read far to feel certain that the Silhouettes are reprinted from some journal—as a matter of fact from the *Manchester Guardian*—though, oddly enough, this secret is divulged, not in a Preface, but in a Postscript. Let it be conceded that they are quite good enough for their original purpose; too good, perhaps, for the readers who revel in these spasmodic forms of literature. But were they worth reprinting? Perhaps not as a whole—some parts most certainly not. On the other hand, here and there one comes upon a good deal which, if expanded, would well deserve preserving.

We must not forget the painful limitations of the short essay. Six pages—a stipulated number of printers' "words"—are allotted to each paper, usually dealing with a subject which calls for fifty. The gracious philosophy of a Bacon could alone reduce such subjects to their true elements and then present the residuum as a palatable essence. Most of the topics—for instance, the Doctor, the Author, the Schoolmaster, the Curate, the Whig, the Toady—have been epitomised already over and over again in the same style, and with sufficient brilliancy of wit. Certain things about them, as being essential, must perforce be repeated; these will naturally appear to savour of platitude or plagiarism unless disguised with diabolical skill. The journalistic New Light evades the difficulty by throwing them all overboard; he strings together a series of paradoxes flatly contradicting every orthodox fact and opinion on the subject, and then winds up with something either blasphemous or goody, or mysterious, or all three combined. To such charlatanism Mr. Russell does not condescend. His device is, after all, the safest. He does not spare us the old platitudes, and, worse than platitudes, several worn-out prejudices and conventional opinions; but he seasons his old wise saws with modern instances, anecdote and veiled personalities.

From Theophrastus downwards essayists have laboured at these typical characters. Much may be said for the older fashion, consecrated anew by La Bruyère, which classified men by their one ruling passion, for all Misers have their avarice in common, and all Prodigals their prodigality, and so far the types admit no exceptions. But obviously the essayist was not really delineating men at all, but certain abstract virtues and vices, and such abstractions, oft repeated, ceased to interest. So the essayist, and even the novelist, adopted a plan long familiar on the comic stage, and classified the characters of men by their rank, profession,

* "Social Silhouettes." By G. W. E. Russell. 7s. 6d. net (Smith, Elder and Co.)

trade, and other environment—a plan which, among the vulgar, probably goes back to the prehistoric date when lawyers first began to plunder and doctors to poison. Mr. Russell chooses this picturesque but treacherous ground. No one denies that similar environment does tend to superficial uniformity among members of the same class in personal appearance and habits, and, to a far less degree, in moral and mental character. But the Satirist goes much farther, in adopting or modifying the conventional types cherished by the popular imagination, such, for instance, as the sugar-sanding (why not sand-sugaring?) Grocer, the tyrannical Squire, the profligate Stockbroker. Such conceptions have arisen and grown up very variously—some founded on facts, some on fiction, some on pure accident, most on a fallacy as natural as it is universal. It is true that Mr. Russell sometimes subdivides—and that judiciously—but even then his types are highly definite. Well, my impression is that his silhouettes of particular classes, and so of Society as a whole, are inadequate and misleading. I merely judge by instinct, having no knowledge of this world, while he has a great deal, as no doubt you, too, have. But will you kindly consider one or two of his types—say his Curate, his Squire, his Doctor, or his City Man? Yes, you have known—or known of—some of each to just fit the cap. No doubt. But will you please count up *all* whom you have really known of any class? Well, were all your City Men the "Birds of Prey" that our Satirist satirises? Own how small is the percentage. And is there, as he says—from his point of view rightly—no romance about the City Man? Many years ago I was stranded for a Sunday morning in the City. Never have I felt fairyland so near; never shall I forget the sturdy gaiety of those great piles resting in the sunshine from the busy week. It was not the Eldorado charm, or the magical chink of countless coin—one thought of Men, not Money. The very quintessence of Prose seemed sublimated into the purest of Poetry. Wave aside the obscene Birds of Prey—it is not they who have reared the towers they lodge in to defile—and who can contemplate without a sob of proudest sympathy the colossal sum of human virtue—the patient industry, the cheerful subordination, the staunch loyalty, the spotless probity, the courage, perseverance, trustfulness, kindliness, goodwill—all the strength and skill and greatness and goodness of Man which have built up this City for ages, and which even to-day have not ceased to vivify and ennoble it, since without them it would ere this have tottered to its fall. How, then, shall we disdainfully brand the City Man as a Bird of Prey? The error—and it is not Mr. Russell's alone, nor the Satirists', nor the Novelists', but the error of us all—lies in confusing the notorious with the typical, forgetting that too often the notorious—the specimen which gets talked about—is abnormal. Our working man studies the peerage in the Divorce Reports; his French brother the priests in the "*liste noire*" of his Secularist journal. Sanding sugar is so delightfully quaint that we all, like Tennyson, pretend to believe that the typical grocer habitually does what not even the eccentric grocer ever did yet. Of the three gods of Mr. Russell's literary tritheism, Dickens, Thackeray and Matthew Arnold, the first is his real favourite. But monstrous as are his faults, the instinct of Dickens preserved him miraculously from this error. Only a few casual minor characters are conventional types. Everywhere—in his lawyers, for instance—he preserves the exact balance between what is professional and what is individual. Therefore he convinces—wrongly, no doubt—where Mr. Russell only interests and amuses.

In tone, manner and style these papers are modelled on Thackeray, and are, in fact, an attempt to supplement a satirist peculiarly prone to the errors I have touched on. His follower rather oddly takes all his clever burlesque for history, if not for Gospel, rejoices that we have grown out of Charles Honeyman—and so on. He also imitates his roundabout manner (copied from Sterne), even when cramped for space. Take one instance. Not content with starting his paper on the Country Parson with 15 unnecessary lines about Blackstone's definition, he introduces the idea of Blackstone by a 10-line paragraph about Mr. Micawber, connecting thus: "If Mr. Micawber's studies carried him as far as Part II. of Book IV.," etc. Surely this penny-a-lining has had its day. By the way, Mr. Russell confidently identifies Chaucer's "pore persoun of a toun" with the urban as opposed to the rural parson. If I am wrong, I deserve to be well laughed at, but I have always taken the "toun" to mean a rural parish. With more hardihood we may deny that a family motto is a "cognizance."

Curiously enough, the last chapter is really the Preface. In it the author is quite plain as to the truth of his numerous anecdotes and incidents. For a few he vouches, and these we do not gainsay. As to the rest, of course, everybody will believe just as much as he chooses. One will reject everything to Gladstone's discredit; another to Disraeli's. For my part, I reject them all. Gossip is easily invented, exaggerated and distorted. An authentic anecdote must rest on the very, very best authority and be consistent with character. No phrase should be admitted without its context. For instance, Mr. Russell, rather spitefully, twice drags in the cunning flattery of Beaconsfield in saying "we authors" to Queen Victoria. I should ask the highest authority for such a story. And if he did use the phrase, the context might show that he was excluding, not including the Queen. Be sure that he would never have hazarded a compliment that might displease, and that the Old Queen never allowed even a favourite minister to forget his place. From what I have read of her, I should imagine that "we" would sound to her as an impertinence. If she allowed "we authors" and "we politicians," the door was opened to "we old folks" and other familiarities. Mr. Russell makes a show of fairly apportioning his anecdotes to both parties, but some bias appears in the varied gust of his narration. In spite of some frivolling with the New Lights, he is at heart an inveterate Old Whig, and though myself a Tory Nihilist, I admire him for it. Some of his views seem partial or mistaken, and he betrays several prejudices. But his book is, on the whole, very readable, portrays strikingly many phases of modern society, in morals is on the right side, and contains several passages—you will easily recognise them—of sterling wisdom. Nor let me fail to add that he is sound—nay, abusive—on the Motor-plague.

Y. Y.

THE YOUTH OF A CRITIC.*

Goethe's entrancing autobiography has much to answer for. Brandes admits that the famous "Dichtung und Wahrheit" made an extraordinary impression on him when he first read it as a student. But because a great genius, using both memory and imagination in masterly fashion, can interest us deeply in his childish and youthful days, it does not follow that every author who attains a certain celebrity can do likewise. It is perhaps scarcely fair to make such a comparison, but it is one difficult to avoid when reading recollections of childhood and youth.

There is nothing specially striking about Brandes's childhood or his school or student days. They passed much as do those of most of us. His description of Danish schools is not edifying. The teachers seem, in many cases, to have been little fitted for their duties. From all we hear, the educational system of Denmark must have greatly improved since then.

With strong leanings to a literary career, Brandes read law from prudential motives, but planned out a course of philosophy and æsthetics as well. Gradually the law studies were abandoned. Brandes began to give private lessons and lectures, read *belles-lettres* and worked at the German philosophers. Then he commenced writing literary articles for the Danish papers, and so gradually made his place as one of the foremost modern critics.

The most interesting parts of the book are those which describe the great persons with whom Brandes came in contact in his youth—Björnson, Taine, Renan, and J. S. Mill being perhaps the most important. Writing of the period of his first acquaintance with Björnson, Brandes says:—

> "Björnson, socially, as in literature, was a strong figure, self-confident, loud-voiced, outspoken, unique in all that he said, and in the weight which he knew how to impart to all his utterances. . . . the impression he produced was that of a great, broad-shouldered, and very much spoilt child."

Literary disputes afterwards chequered the friendship between the two men.

Taine received Brandes very cordially. He talked to him about his work, the "Notes sur l'Angleterre," which was

* "Recollections of My Childhood and Youth." By George Brandes. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

occupying him at that time. He wrote it "in a little out-of-the-way summer-house containing nothing save the four bare whitewashed walls, and a little table and a chair."

Through Taine, Brandes soon made the acquaintance of Renan.

"His house was furnished with exceeding simplicity. On one wall of his study hung two Chinese water-colours and a photograph of Gérôme's 'Cleopatra before Cæsar'; on the opposite wall a very beautiful photograph of what was doubtless an Italian picture of the Last Day. That was all the ornamentation. On his table there always lay a Virgil and a Horace in a pocket edition, and for a long time a French translation of Sir Walter Scott.

"What surprised me most in Renan's bearing was that there was nothing solemn about it, and absolutely nothing sentimental. He impressed one as being exceptionally clever, and a man that the opposition he had met with had left as it found him . . .

"Renan used to live, at that time, from the spring onwards, at his house in the country, at Sévres. So utterly unaffected was the world-renowned man, then already forty-seven years of age, that he often walked from his house to the station with me, and wandered up and down the platform till the train came."

Altogether the life in Paris must have been very pleasant. Brandes frequented the theatres, heard the great advocates plead in the Palais de Justice, and was most impressed by the "real, penetrating, convincing" eloquence of Jules Favre. He was present at Auguste Barbier's reception into the French Academy, attended the races at Longchamps, the last held under the Empire, and those described in Zola's "Nana." Before leaving England he made the acquaintance of J. S. Mill.

"To talk to him was a new experience . . . in him I met, for the first time in my life, a figure who was the incarnation of the ideal I had drawn for myself of the great man. This ideal had two sides; talent and character: great capacities and inflexibility . . . He was then sixty-four years old, but his skin was as fresh and clear as a child's, his deep-blue eyes young. He stammered a little, and nervous twitches frequently shot over his face; but there was a sublime nobility about him."

From Paris Brandes went to London, and it was there that he heard the news of the declaration of war between France and Prussia. He saw much of Mill, but apparently did not then come into personal contact with any other distinguished Englishmen. He returned to Paris and remained there until just before the siege. The rest of the book is filled with reminiscences of travel in Switzerland and Italy.

ELIZABETH LEE.

THE LETTERS OF ERASMUS.*

Among the curious race of men called "scholars" Erasmus has a place of his own. There have been others who have used their learning as a stepping-stone to high offices in Church or State, but it is his distinction that, remaining strictly a student, and neither seeking nor receiving preferment, he became at a critical epoch in European history a man with whom Popes had to reckon and to whom princes paid their court. Whether he can justly be called a great man is dubious; and in many respects he bulks beside Luther as a pigmy; but he was born at a time when the invention of printing, the revival of learning in Italy, and, above all, that outburst of religious inquiry which culminated in the Reformation, lent to the scholar's pen a power such as it has never possessed before or since. All educated men were equally divided between a zeal for Latin prose and a zeal for theological study, and Erasmus could fully satisfy their ardour in both respects. The only fault that his worst enemies could find with his Latin was that it was not "Ciceronian," but in fact there are hundreds of passages in him which only a Professor could deny to be Cicero's, while there are countless others which are only distinguishable from the pompous Roman by the superiority of their wit. To Erasmus, indeed, Latin was his native tongue. Greek he only learned late, so that in his thirty-fourth year the man to whom we owe the *editio princeps* of the Greek Testament could not read Homer; English, although he lived so long in England, he could never speak; and, in spite of his travels, he seems to have been equally ignorant of other languages; but as a boy he knew Horace and Terence by heart, and he writes Latin with a grace, a familiarity and a vivacity which have never been surpassed, and which appeal at once to every man of taste. Indeed, although the statement may seem curious, both religion and the Reformation owe a large debt to the charm and beauty of his Latinity. "Worth," says Virgil, "pleases more when it presents itself in a lovely form," and even orthodox theology may win something from being commended by an attractive style. But the theology of Erasmus specially needed such commendation, and indeed could hardly have made its way without it, for it was unorthodox, and in reality as revolutionary as Luther's. Every word he wrote helped to undermine the colossal fabric of superstition under which priests and popes had buried the simple truth of Christianity. He scoffed at the doctors, "irrefragrable," "sublime" or otherwise, who spent their time debating "*de instantibus, de quidditatibus, de formalitatibus*"; he held up the monks to contempt as ignorant, besotted, gluttonous and even worse; he maintained that a good life was a safer passport to heaven than absolution bought by a fat donative; he ventured to assert that the best faith is that which has "the fewest and simplest Articles," to speak of Christ as "*Theologorum Princeps*," and to refer men for a knowledge of truth directly to the primitive Fathers, to St. Paul, and even to the authentic and uncorrupted text of the Evangelists. It was all very horrible, but he wrote with such a combination of wit and learning, with such good sense expressed in such good Latin that there was no dealing with him. A dozen papal bulls would have been of no avail against "The Colloquies" or "The Praise of Folly," which every educated man was reading with delight. Or how was it possible to condemn "The Adages," which Archbishop Warham kept continually at his side? Or to burn a scholar whose reputation was such that half-a-dozen monarchs competed for his possession? Divines, indeed, of the baser sort did clamour for violence, but the Popes themselves knew better. They tried to win him over to their side. Would he only have put his pen at their disposal he might have worn a mitre or a cardinal's hat and enjoyed the revenues of a Prince of the Church. But Erasmus would not sell himself either for preferment or reward. He was a scholar and had the conscience of a scholar. It would have been to him an intellectual heresy to allow that scholastic arguments were sense, or that scholastic Latin was good, that a corrupt reading, even in Scripture, was preferable to the true one, or that words could mean something different from what they did mean; and of intellectual heresy he was incapable. It was not so much his heart as his head that made him a supporter of the Reformation. The claims of learning and the claims of priests were at variance, and, as a lover of learning, he set himself to vindicate its rights. He did not appeal to passion or the populace, but to the thoughtful and learned, while it was his happy fortune to combine with the severer results of ceaseless study a liveliness of wit which is rare among scholars, and a felicity of Latin style which is beyond rivalry. In an age when the love of letters was just bursting into new life, and when Latin was the universal language of divines, statesmen, and princes, he poured forth in profusion a series of writings which by their literary grace commanded the attention and admiration of Europe, and almost charmed every reader into approving views which were not less revolutionary because their Latinity was so delightful.

Of the influence, indeed, which Erasmus exercised largely through the attractiveness of his Latin style, his "Letters" afford a clear proof. Their substance is not, on the whole, remarkable; they do not convey much definite information; they are for the most part highly artificial. To read through the present volume of nearly six hundred pages is a tedious task, and, when accomplished, leaves little real impression on the mind. Here and there are precious fragments and even whole letters to which every reviewer would nowadays set a mark, and Mr. Froude, in his famous lectures, has picked out these plums with unerring sagacity; but in the mass the letters seem to take little real hold on a modern reader. Nor is the reason far to seek, for most of them, although Mr. Froude seems not to suspect the fact, are not so much letters as literary exercises. Latin letter-writing was, in the time of Erasmus, a polite art on which he himself wrote a treatise, as did many other scholars. There were letters dedicatory and letters complimentary; there were letters to patrons, with appropriate allusions to "my Mæcenas," or even, as Erasmus once writes, to "*mea Mæcenas*"; there were scholarly letters in which professors "scratch each other's back" (*mutuum scabunt*) and repeat "*sed quid sus Minervam?*" reciprocally to one another;

* "Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi." Tom. I.: 1484-1514. Edidit P. S. Allen. Oxonii in Typographeo Clarendoniano MCMVI. Pp. 615. 18s. net.

and there were letters anecdotal, humorous, and what not. The writer always has an eye to his reputation; he expects what he writes to be handed about for admiration, and possibly published, so that the result is often an essay rather than a letter. Take, for instance, this passage on the companionship of books, which is so perfect that part of it at least must be quoted:—

"Alios quidem convivas non sumptu solum nostro verum etiam sollicitudine necesse est accipere. Hi cœnam ex tristi hilarem, ex tenui opiperam, ex parum condita conditissimam efficiunt. Et tantum abest ut nostro damno veniant, ut sumptibus aliquid etiam detrahant, lauticiis addant. Adde commoditatem atque urbanitatem. Vocati non gravantur, jussi venire præsto sunt, invocati sese non ingerunt, neminem mordent, nemini obtrectant, injussi tacent jussi loquntur ut volumus, quæ volumus, quoad volumus, quantum volumus . . ."

Delightful as this is, it is not letter-writing. It seems rather a fragment from a scholar's note-book, and the letters of Erasmus are full of such passages, especially the more formal ones, of which there are a great number. That age, indeed, seemed to delight in elegantly expressed commonplaces, and Erasmus supplied the age with what it liked. His correspondents treasured his letters; they were looked on as models of epistolary style; collections of them were frequently published in his lifetime, and immediately after his death the great Basle edition of 1538 was so eagerly received that it had to be re-edited in 1541 and 1548, although in size it cannot have been much less than the London edition of 1642, which contains no less than 2,146 closely printed folio pages! How our forefathers got through such a portentous volume must seem a marvel to our less masculine digestions; but that they did so, and with relish, is beyond doubt. Nor will the modern student, amid much that is formal and uninteresting, fail to find much that is fascinating. He will come, for instance, upon a critique of Lucian which, if it could be read by pedants, would restore that great writer to the place in classical study which he has lost, because he is not only wise, but witty. Or upon the account of a dinner at Oxford with Colet and certain *homunculi bellissimi*, which will astonish most dons, unaccustomed now "over their wine" to discuss in Latin "what was Cain's first offence" against the Deity. He can be present at a lecture *in sacrosancto theologiæ Scotisticæ templo Sorbona*, where the Paris divines treasure "the skin of Epimenides," a sage who fell asleep over a point of casuistry for a poor forty years, whereas the Scotists never wake, "*sed dormientes non modo scribunt, verum et scortantur, et inebriantur, et συκοφαντοῦσιν.*" Then he can see Erasmus riding through a storm, horse and horseman equally scared—"Up go his ears, down go my spirits; he stumbles, my heart jumps; I meditate on the fate of Bellerophon," and so on. Or he can peep into the portmanteau which contains "a black coat lined with brown, a pair of slippers of violet hue, the *Enchiridion* of Augustine and Paul's *Epistles*" He can hear how bad the beer was in Cambridge in 1511, and how the learned Ammonius is begged to send "a skin of the best Greek wine," and to let it be "dry" (*a dulcedine alienum*), as suited to one suffering with gout and stone, and how Erasmus tells Warham that poverty and the said beer are responsible for the stone, whereto the good Archbishop replies with very bad and unepiscopal jokes (Letter 286), but finally prescribes, and sends, "ten nobles" as a golden remedy, with a wish that they had been "ten legions." And who, finally, does not like such quotations as these: "As soon as I get funds, I shall buy Greek authors and then clothes"; and "If there is anything new in Greek books I will pledge my clothes sooner than not have them, especially Christian writings, the Psalms, for instance, or the Gospels"? That sentence assuredly explains the greatness of Erasmus, and should rebuke much modern indifference.

It remains to add that the editing of this book deserves the highest praise. Mr. Allen has devoted the leisure of thirteen years to the task, carrying on the work, he tells us, "under the gloom of Indian summers and in the high valleys of Kashmir," and the result is a critical text of high excellence, illustrated with notes, chiefly of a biographical nature, which must represent long and unwearied research. Whether the "Letters" will ever become again popular is doubtful, but scholars at least have now the earlier portion of them at their disposal in a shape which hardly admits of improvement; and to all students of history, literature, or divinity the work of Erasmus is of such importance that an edition of this sort supplies a real need. One thing more, however, Mr. Allen might do. To form a just estimate of the value and bearing of a mass of letters ranged in chronological order is extremely difficult. The reader or critic who is not a specialist sadly needs that help and guidance which an editor of Mr. Allen's capacity could so well supply in a general Introduction.

T. E. PAGE.

SOPHY OF KRAVONIA.*

To use a term of literary "slang," Esmond's Beatrix is an "opulent" character in Romance. But just because Beatrix waves her hand to us from the kingdom of Romance, she is not convincing as Becky Sharp was convincing in her progress from Miss Pinkerton's Academy to the final scene at Bath, where she dispensed patronage to the Destitute Orange-Girl and the Distressed Muffin-Man. Becky, however, touched the domain of Romance only at rare points. When she had been to Court, indeed, she ordered from the picture-dealer the finest portrait of the King that credit could supply, and amused her acquaintance with perpetual talk about her sovereign's urbanity. "Who knows," comments Thackeray, "perhaps the little woman thought she might play the part of a Pompadour?" Adventures that are to the adventurous are not necessarily entertaining. The Duchess of Portsmouth must have had a varied career, from the profuse days of Whitehall to her miserly old age of "religious devotion"; but it would be a flat and sordid story to tell; and although there must have been a great deal of robust drama in the life of Barbara Villiers, if it were attenuated to the degree of being readable it would be a weird affair. Sophy is an adventuress, and her author, in taking her part and showing that she was all that propriety and decorum could require, is obliged to befog the issues, perhaps a little hypocritically. She is presented to us as a conventional figure of fiction; and all essential facts of her history that would have been as dull to read of as some squalid passage from Defoe, are skilfully omitted. Finally, to do the best he can for her, the author gives her an environment of romance.

If it be not precisely true to say Anthony Hope has founded a school of romance, undoubtedly he has shaped the novel of adventure anew with a distinctive originality of device. He has received the flattery of a score of imitators. So do picture-postcards bring a machine-made representation of art into "the home." Perhaps, like Don Pedro, Anthony Hope is too costly for everyday wear. At all events, when he displays the product of his loom, his followers, looking on the sheen of satin and beauty of velvet pile, go about to reproduce his work in shoddy and velveteen. They may be said almost to cheapen his romance and undersell him. He holds his readers in play with cunning tricks of fence. They stun their public with a crude sensation.

In his latest book, if we seem to detect a dimness of lustre in the artist's workmanship, may it not be conditioned by some unconscious impatience of this following, by some weariness of an audience not dependably sensitive to fine effects? The story of Sophy of Kravonia is one of glamour and fatal influence. She is known as the Lady of the Red Star. He who loves her must die for her love. But the vague content of romance in the book is like that induced by music that is wistful in suggestion, fleeting and without form. A little piece of direct presentation is the encounter of Lord Dunstanbury with Sophy in the days when she was a kitchen-maid and before she became the Lady of the Red Star. In this scene, where nothing is wasted, the dog which serves to introduce Lord Dunstanbury to Sophy is named Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Sophy, in the English country kitchen yard, is told the original Lorenzo was a Duke of Florence in Italy—a note of significant artistry in painting "atmosphere." He must be an accomplished artist, indeed, who can evoke atmosphere; yet we seem to hear the author say as he hints at his ideas, "A pretty thing enough, you perceive, but it is not very well worth while to work it out."

One has sometimes had a queer notion at a Sarasate recital that the artist might have played his violin almost as well with his feet as his hands, he did so much as he liked with the instrument he had subjugated; and there is as droll

* "Sophy of Kravonia." By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Bristol: Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.)

a suggestion in "Sophy of Kravonia," when one recalls the fine quality of the story of "The King's Mirror"; for the artist plays so easily upon his instrument that he seems almost scornful as well as lavish. Inevitably he is lavish in picturesque effect. Who else could write the story of the fight in the Street of the Fountain? A street so named has the scenery set for romantic adventure. "The fight in the fantastically illuminated night, a near touch of the scythe of death, and a girl's white face at the window." The hero is the Prince of Kravonia, who wears the costume of the chieftain of a clan of Highland warriors, with a sheepskin cap; a star glittering on his breast, and a broad red ribbon crossing his sheepskin tunic; his weapon a short, curved scimitar. Here is his first encounter with the Lady of the Red Star:—

"He stood alone now in the street, looking from the dark splash of Mistitch's blood to the Virgin with her broken lamp, and up to the window of the Silver Cock, whence had come salvation.

"He caught up the bronze figure and entered the porch. He knew Meyerstein's shop, and that from it no staircase led to the upper floor. The other door was his mark, and he knocked on it, raising first with a cautious touch, then more resolutely, the old brass hand with hospitably beckoning finger which served for knocker. Then he listened for a footstep on the stairs. If she came not, the venturesome night went ungraced by its crowning adventure.

"The door opened softly. In the deep shadow of the porch, on the winding, windowless staircase of the old house, it was pitch dark. He felt a hand put in his and heard a low voice saying: 'Come, Monseigneur.'"

F. EMILY PHILLIPS.

THE GATE OF DEATH.*

"It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature; or that there is no further state to come, unto which this seems progressionall, and otherwise in vaine; Without this accomplishment the naturall expectation and desire of such a state, were but a fallacy in nature. . . ." So Sir Thomas Browne. "The Gate of Death" is at once an expansion of that old text, and entirely symptomatic of present-day thought and feeling.

"It is not a complete, nor a comprehensive, nor a philosophical treatment of the subject; it is nothing but the record of the sincere and faltering thoughts of one who was suddenly and unexpectedly confronted [twice] with death, and who, in the midst of a very ordinary and commonplace life, with no deep reserves of wisdom, faith, or tenderness, had just to interpret it as best he could."

There is no need to quarrel with the author's introduction to himself and his work. If he has not any deep reserves of wisdom, faith, and tenderness, he has what is surely the next best thing—an intense yearning to possess them. His sincerity to the reader is such that we seem frequently to catch him being insincere with himself. He is a "convinced Christian," yet doubts nearly every Christian dogma. His faith is at war with his reason, yet calls on reason for support. His intellect sets questions—of faith, immortality, pain, sin, and the benevolence of God—which he is forced to call on intuition to resolve for him. The account of his sojourns in the borderland of death is the most interesting and tangible part of the book, but so far as reason goes, it is of no great help. Death, indeed, reduces him to the bedrock of his nature. At first, on recovering consciousness, all he wishes is to be alone—like an animal, though he does not appear to have noticed the similarity. He "merely watched life, as a man might watch an expiring flame, absorbed in the wonder whether it would be extinguished or not." Then emotion and affection returned, then intellectual life, and then, at an infinite distance, came back the social and conventional ways of thought, considerations of money, position, ambition, and influence, which he had thought had played a larger part in his spirit, though he found now that they had only taken up a larger share of his attention. Death affords him no spiritual revelation. On the contrary, it completely overclouds for the time his spirit and intellect. He returns from it no surer, rationally, of immortality, yet with a "bright intuition." He has drawn nearer to "the central forces of the earth." One suspects that all the time there was for him a real certainty beneath his only less real doubts. His method and conclusions are too temperamental to be of any argumentative value in themselves. "The Gate of Death" is likely to convince chiefly those who are already in the same path; to provide expression for what they feel, but cannot say; and to give them that sense of companionship so precious to those in spiritual conflict. Others will thank the anonymous author for many beautiful passages, and for the opportunity of watching under the stress of death a mind which is delicately emotional, and also skilful and frank in self-analysis.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

* "The Gate of Death." A Diary. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

REMINISCENCES OF IRVING.*

It is a curious feature of Mr. Bram Stoker's "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving," a book the chief charm of which depends on its wealth of anecdote, that the best stories it contains are concerned, not with the actor himself, but with distinguished members of his circle of acquaintances and friends. Scattered through the pages of these two volumes with generous profusion are tales of Gladstone, Disraeli, Tennyson, Whitman, Burton, Toole, and a host of painters, composers, actors, men of letters and men of affairs who delighted in doing honour to the acknowledged head of the theatrical profession; but for any memorable *bon mot* of Irving's own, any instance of his caustic humour, any anecdote throwing light on the less obvious traits of his character, or revealing such foibles as make even great men human and therefore loveable, readers of Mr. Stoker's memoirs will search very nearly in vain. Henry Irving, indeed, throughout his old comrade's record is uniformly made to figure as public man, and is scarcely ever allowed to show himself in undress. Of Irving the most strenuous of histrionic artists, the most conscientious of theatrical *entrepreneurs*, the most princely of entertainers, we are given as complete a description as could well be desired; but on the man as he unbosomed himself to his intimates, on his conversation during those midnight suppers and those long talks till dawn, which he persisted in keeping up till the very last years of his life, on the little weaknesses and eccentricities and perversities which must have helped to constitute his individuality, the friend who could have told us most preserves an obstinate and almost unbroken silence.

Mr. Bram Stoker's opportunities for observing and knowing his "chief" were well nigh unlimited; for thirty years he held the post of Irving's acting-manager. He saw the famous player daily, he sat up with him nightly, he was consulted on every question of policy; he knew, till the syndicate took over the Lyceum, every detail of the actor-manager's business—he was, in fact, entirely in Irving's confidence; and yet, now that he has come to set down his impressions, he fails somehow to bring us into close contact with the object of his lifelong admiration. In part, no doubt, the blurred outlines of Mr. Stoker's portrait of his friend may be accounted for by the very ardour of his devotion. So anxious has he been to give no offence or pain to the living friends and relatives of the dead, so eager to avoid the faintest suspicion of disloyalty, that he has confined himself to giving a merely external view of his hero, and has adopted towards him a tone of what becomes, in the end, too persistent and unwearied eulogy. A morbid dread, that is to say, of committing any possible indiscretion has prevented him from adding those little personal touches which would have given colour and contrast to his "appreciation." But there is another explanation of the more disappointing side of Mr. Stoker's reminiscences. Quite unconsciously he is for ever insisting on sharing the stage with his chief; "we" is his favourite pronoun, and a malicious critic might discover some amusement in counting up the number of times in which the phrase "Irving and I" occurs in this narrative. It is the natural fault of an acting-manager who identifies himself with his "governor," and is the more excusable in this instance, inasmuch as Mr. Stoker's chaotic notes seem obviously to have been expanded from his private diary; but, at the same time, it illustrates clearly enough the limitations of his biographical method. Debarred by a surely too fastidious scrupulousness from divulging the more confidential portions of Irving's table-talk, the alternative left to Mr. Stoker was to fall back upon the official life he shared with the great actor. So it is that the only stories, as a rule, in which Irving has his part treat of humorous happenings at rehearsals, misadventures behind the scenes,

* "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving." By Bram Stoker 2 vols. 25s. net. (Heinemann.)

or the perils of touring—the commonplaces of every player's experience. So it is that the only secrets here published, apart from certain distressing details of the actor's physical state in later life, affect the finances or the stage-management of the Lyceum. So it is that Mr. Stoker in this book of his shows us only that side of Irving which he "faced the world with," not the other that he reserved for his friends.

How wonderfully Irving appealed to the imagination of his contemporaries, posterity will easily gather from the mere list of notable persons whom Mr. Stoker is able to mention as staunch supporters of his chief. Among those names stands first, perhaps, that of Tennyson. There are no more interesting pages in Mr. Stoker's reminiscences than those in which he describes the delicate and tactful way in which Irving soothed the poet's susceptibilities over the re-arrangement and "cutting" of the text of his plays. Tennyson gave his adapter *carte blanche*, and one of his last remarks as he lay dying expressed full confidence in Irving. The poet asked his doctor if he would live to see "Becket" on the stage, and was answered in a mournful negative:

"'Ah!' After a long pause he said again, 'They did not do me justice with the "Promise of May"—but——' another pause, and then half fiercely: 'I can trust Irving—he will do me justice.'"

Another and a very different poet, Walt Whitman, was equally favourably impressed with Irving, and it is in connection with their meeting that Mr. Stoker makes one of his rare quotations from the actor's more private conversation:

"Said Irving presently: 'You know you are like Tennyson in several ways. You quite remind me of him!' Then, knowing that many people like their identity to be unique and not comparable with any one else, however great, he added: 'You don't mind that, do you?' The answer came quickly: 'Mind it? I like it!—I am very proud to be told so! I like to be tickled.' He actually beamed and chuckled with delight at the praise. He stood up so that Irving might gauge his height comparatively with Tennyson's."

Of Gladstone and his seat in the wings of the Lyceum everyone has heard. The first time that nook was prepared for him Mr. Stoker was rather anxious lest the statesman he so much admired should fail to look out for the fall of the drop-scene.

"Lest there should be any danger I signalled the master carpenter to come to me, and thus cautioned him: 'Would it not be well,' I said, 'if some one stood near here in case of accident?' 'It's all right, sir, we have provided for that. The two best and steadiest men in the theatre are here ready!' I looked round, and there they were—alert and watchful. And there they remained all night. There was not going to be any chance of mishap to Mr. Gladstone *that* night."

It was in those days of fierce political strife that Lord Randolph Churchill, in conversation with Irving, paid Mr. Gladstone one of the prettiest of compliments. Answering a query of the actor's, he said:

"'The fact is, we are all afraid of him!'

"'How is that—and why?' said Irving.

"'Well, you see, he is a first-class man. And the rest of us are only second-class—at best!'"

Of Gladstone's great antagonist, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Stoker reports quite a number of most entertaining stories. Perhaps the best is this, told to illustrate the Countess's rather too demonstrative devotion to her husband:

"One evening at a big dinner-party, at which Disraeli and Lady Beaconsfield were present, some man had been speaking of a new beauty, and was expatiating on her charms—the softness of her eyes, her dimples, her pearly teeth, the magnificence of her hair, the whiteness of her skin—here he was interrupted by a remark of Lady Beaconsfield made across the table: "Ah! you should see my Dizzy in his bath!'"

Here, perhaps, as it turns incidentally on politics, is the right place to quote the one droll yarn about Irving narrated by Mr. Stoker, the more worthy of notice because it confirms the impression other biographers of Irving—for instance, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald—have given of the actor's fondness for quizzing people in private life. One night, we are told, when Mr. Stoker and he were taking the air at Shanklin, the actor began to tease his Irish friend about Home Rule. Presently they both heard the slow, regular, heavy tramp of a policeman coming down the road:

"Irving turned to me, and said, with an affected intensity which I had come to identify and understand: 'How calm and silent all this is! . . . You will not find here men galling their tempers and shortening their lives by bitter thoughts and violent deeds. Believe me, here in rural England is to be found the true inwardness of British opinion!' I said nothing. I knew the game. Then the heavy, placid step drew near. Irving went on: 'Here comes the Voice of England. Just listen to it and learn!' Then, in a cheery friendly voice, he said to the invisible policeman: 'Tell me, officer, what is your opinion as to this trouble in Ireland?' The answer came at once, stern and full of pent-up feeling, and in an accent there was no possibility of mistaking: 'Ah, begob, it's all the fault iv the dirty Gover'mint!' From his later conversation—for, of course, Irving led him on—one might have thought the actor was an ardent and remorseless rebel. For many a day afterwards I managed to bring in the 'Voice of England' whenever Irving began to chaff about Home Rule."

But it was rarely that Irving was worsted at this sport. One other story Mr. Stoker tells at his friend's expense; it is, however, the sort that Irving might have told against himself. The actor had examined the dramatic class of the College of Music, and sent in his report. There came a letter of thanks, the signature of which puzzled Irving. In acknowledging this to Sir George Grove, he wrote in a postscript: "By the way, who is our genial friend, Mr. Edwards? I do not think I have met him." The signature was that of "Albert Edward," our present King.

One of the strangest characteristics of Mr. Stoker's reminiscences is the omission of nearly all reference to Irving's chief stage-supporters. Miss Genevieve Ward, whose finest impersonation, that of Volumnia in "Coriolanus," was, curiously enough, not presented in Irving's own revival, obtains adequate mention. But of Mr. Alexander, of Mr. Forbes Robertson, of Mr. Terriss, of Mr. Martin Harvey, far too little, if anything, is said. Ellen Terry, of course, that perfect embodiment of the very spirit of gaiety, never quite happily matched with Irving's flamboyant and rather macabre genius, obtains the notice that is her due. Irving was not always her admirer, but once he was converted, his enthusiasm for her was unbounded. Says Mr. Stoker:

"Speaking of her early days, he said to me: 'She was always bright and lively, and full of fun. She had a distinct charm; but as an artist was rather on the hoydenish side.' . . . Many and many a time at the Lyceum have I heard him descant on her power. He said that her pathos was 'nature helped by genius.' On her Ophelia Irving never ceased expatiating. One night in 1879 when he took supper with my wife and me, he talked all the time of Ellen Terry's wonderful performance. One thing which he said fixed itself in my mind: 'How Shakespeare must have dreamed when he was able to write a part like Ophelia, knowing that it would have to be played by a boy! Conceive his delight and gratitude if he could but have seen Ellen Terry in it!'"

It is to Ellen Terry that we owe one of the most moving stories of Irving's last days. When he was ill at Wolverhampton in the spring of 1905, she ran down from London to see him, and, doubtful how dread of a fatal issue of his illness might act on his strength, asked him if he had such fear. Her report was:

"He looked at me steadily for a minute, and then putting his third finger against his thumb—like that—he held his hand fixed for a few seconds. Then, with a quick movement, he snapped his fingers, and let his hand fall. How could I not understand!"

Ellen Terry was Irving's greatest, perhaps his only woman friend—it was to her he carried first the news of his knighthood; but there was another friend whom he loved with an affection almost passing the love of woman—John Lawrence Toole. Of Toole it is happier to think in his merry, unstricken days, and of those Mr. Stoker has a most delightful and surely new tale:

"One evening we were walking together along the western end of Pall Mall. When we came near Marlborough House, where on either side of the gateway stood a Guardsman on sentry, he winked at me and took from his pocket a letter which he had ready for post. Then when we came up close to the nearest soldier he moved cautiously in semi-blind manner, and, peering out, tried to put the letter in the breast of the scarlet tunic, as though mistaking the soldier for a postal pillar box. The soldier remained upright and stolid, and did not move a muscle. Toole was equally surprised and pleased when from the Guardsman's moveless lips came the words: 'It's all right, Mr. Toole! I hope you're well, sir?'"

Happy stories indeed abound in these volumes, especially in the chapters which give some account of Irving's lavish hospitality. So vivid are Mr. Stoker's sketches of the more famous of his "governor's" guests that he almost calls up before our eyes and ears Sarah Bernhardt railing at stage tradition and hurling out over the supper-table "A bas la tradition!"; Barnay getting worried over the term "fluffy," and saying in piteous tones, "Flof! fluoof—fluff! Alas, I know him not"; Gounod sobbing

aloud over the last verse of his favourite song, "O that we two were maying!" and replying to a question, "Whom do you think the best composer?" with "Mendelssohn! Mendelssohn is the best!" yet, then adding after a pause, "But there is only one Mozart"; Bastien Lepage thumping the table as he insists, "Je suis un ré-a-liste"; Haweis and Renan visiting Irving, the one "waddling along with an odd rolling gait," the other "hopping along like a sort of jackdaw," and Irving answering the French of Renan with his own quite unintelligible English; Burne Jones telling the most charming anecdotes of children, among them the quaint enquiry of his beautiful little girl (now Mrs. Mackail):

"'Mother, can you tell me why it is that whenever I see a little boy crying in the street I always want to kiss him; and when I see a little girl crying I want to slap her?'"

These were the days of the zenith of Irving's career; the black days were to follow. There were several causes of the change. First, though Mr. Stoker does not even hint as much, a loss of managerial judgment. Next, a stroke of sheer ill-luck in the accident which cut short on its very first night the run of the revival of "Richard III." Third, that cruel disaster, the burning of all the Lyceum's stored scenery. And, worst of all, the deadliest scourge of actors, illness. On the conditions under which Sir Henry worked during the final years of his life, Mr. Bram Stoker makes some rather startling revelations. It appears that for more than six years before his death Irving was "coughing up pus from an unhealed lung," and the virulence of his disease may be judged from the fact that he used "five hundred pocket handkerchiefs a week." There is much to extol in Henry Irving's career—his consistent dignity, his loyalty to his art, his generosity to his fellow-players, his absolutely royal munificence. There are performances of his—his Shylock and his Hamlet, his Louis XI. and his Corporal Brewster in "Waterloo," his Becket and his Wolsey, his Charles I. and his Mathias in "The Bells," his Richard III. and his Dubosc in "The Lyons Mail," which for playgoers who witnessed them are imperishable memories. But in many ways, the noblest of all his achievements must seem to all who have read Mr. Stoker's reminiscences to be the losing fight which he waged against not a little public apathy, against a pitiless series of misfortunes, and, finally, against a disease which must have given him hourly torture. No wonder, as Mr. Stoker remarks, Irving shrank into himself during the closing years of his life; no wonder he evinced a certain protesting bitterness against Fate. The marvel is that he held on stoically till the end.

F. G. BETTANY.

Novel Notes.

LISTENER'S LURE. By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Methuen.)

To tell a story by means of letters is rather a trying achievement in modern fiction. Some years ago, in the *Pilot*, a real success was won by the construction of what is half a drama, half a novel; but the failures strew the shore, and it was with some misgiving that we opened this "oblique narration," which begins with a list of the characters, and is built up on nothing more than letters, telegrams, and newspaper advertisements. But one has not to read far before one discovers that Mr. Lucas has floated his boat skilfully and piloted her past the shoals. This is, in fact, the sort of book over which a reader, at almost every other page, smiles inwardly in the sheer luxury of enjoyment; if he is in company, he wants repeatedly to interrupt other people with the appeal, "Now, just listen to this!" The secret of Mr. Lucas's charm seems to lie in the versatility and deftness with which his various characters are drawn, and in the witty sense with which he comments on some sections of our modern life. The central figures are Mr. Lynn Harberton, who has edited Boswell's Johnson in twelve volumes, and Miss Edith Graham, his ward and amanuensis. Round them are grouped girls and undergraduates, grown-up men, married women, and other types of humanity, from the agnostic, voluble Mrs. Pink, whose idea is "that everything non- or anti-scriptural is necessarily thoughtful," to Dennis Albourne, "who has imagination and a mind, and, what is much worse, ill-health, and, therefore, a touch of pathos. Directly a man who looks as if he did not know what to take for a cough or how to tie his necktie comes into contact with an unselfish girl, you have to look out." The relations of the characters are worked out with humour and dramatic insight. Love-interests abound. So do the foibles of society. And, especially in Harberton's letters, for all their occasional discursiveness, Mr. Lucas has given, not only the genial *obiter dicta* of literary criticism which one expects from him, but shrewd words on the grave and gay side of life. Not since "The Woodhouse Correspondence" appeared, has one been lured to read a novel, in the epistolary manner, of such light, sure touch on modern interests, and of such simple literary charm. There are deeper passages, such as that on the realisation of death, which recall Stevenson in the *rôle* of the "Shorter Catechist." And there are others, in a whimsical vein, for which the abandoned class of husbands who are smokers will feel specially and mightily grateful. As, for example, the quotation of the German proverb about tobacco: "God first made man, and then He made woman; and then He felt sorry for man, and made tobacco." Or, the paradoxical Lamb-like defence of the thesis that a bachelor alone can be expected to write good letters, since "he can sit at his desk as long as he likes; he can be late for meals. So, it is true, can a husband, but not a good husband; which leads to the reflection that only bad husbands write good letters. Being a good husband is occupation enough. Where the bachelor is writing letters, the good husband, I suppose, is writing cheques."

THE SECOND BOOK OF TOBIAH. By U. L. Silberrad. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Tobiah the Dissenter is not an author. His works are in the practical line of righting affairs of love that have gone, or threaten to go, awry. The volume consists of seven such episodes, told in Miss Silberrad's bright, quaint style. All are connubial, and Tobiah, despite his rugged character and personal objections to the married state, plays a wise part throughout. Perhaps the most exciting and romantic are those which describe Drusilla the Jewess and the Mad Lady Caryll. But none of the episodes fails to provide good reading, and Miss Silberrad is to be congratulated upon a wonderfully fresh, vivid piece of work. Perhaps it might have lent variety, had Tobiah failed at least once in his effort. Like Sherlock Holmes, he succeeds invariably. But the descriptions of his peace-making and interference never become monotonous, owing to the skill with which his sagacity or tact and his Puritanic conscience are blended.

A DRAMA IN SUNSHINE. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Vachell's latest novel is a fine and finished piece of work. It is laid in the same surroundings and atmosphere as "The Procession of Life," and told with the same penetration and intensity. The title does not strike one as particularly appropriate. Up to the very last paragraph it seems as if the tragic element was to overbear all else. And from the outset, where a scoffing prisoner is depicted on his death-bed, there is more shadow than sunshine in the narrative. But the glamour and bright skies of California give outward sunshine enough to throw into relief the ugly aspects of rich proprietors and real estate lawyers, like Dennis Fabian and Chillingworth, as well as of the oppressed mountain tenants. "There are three types of men living to-day in California—those who dwell upon the mountains, those who inhabit the plains, and those upon the seashore. The best live nearest to the stars. They have much to overcome—cold, a rocky, sterile soil, and remoteness from market. But they are the salt of the earth, and it has always been so, since Abraham chose the hill land and gave Lot the plain." Mr. Vachell's plot is the interaction of the two temperaments, in Chillingworth and his wife Damaris especially. Both are admirably depicted, and the book includes several strong scenes, particularly in the second part, where the clash of elemental passion and decadent civilisation becomes almost overpowering. But indeed, from the first page to the last, the story has an arresting and dramatic interest.

THE WAGES OF PLEASURE. By J. A. Steuart. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Leaving our older history, which he has already turned to such notable purpose in fiction, Mr. Steuart comes forward

in this novel as the castigator of his own age. His central theme is gambling, "this demon of so-called pleasure which, like the vindictive gods of old, first incites to madness and then lures to destruction. . . Line upon line, tangle upon tangle, here a little and there a little, first the small flame and then the roaring conflagration." The story, however, is more than a denunciation of Bridge: its net is so wide as to sweep in all the most glaring follies and vices of present-day society. And side by side with this brilliant and scathing exposure of what is so sordid run the delicate and delayed love idyll of the wayward but finely honourable Lord Asprey and Lady Edith, and the quietly beautiful married lives of the clever and rising barrister, Ashcroft Berkeley, and his wife. The book has the thrill and grip of a masterly sensational novel, and is as impressive as any sermon that has yet been launched against the strongholds of vice and folly.

THE DUMPLING. By Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (Cassell.)

In his literary capacity Mr. Coulson Kernahan is a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; he is the author of such tenderly imaginative and devoutly earnest booklets as "The World Without a Child," but he is also the author of thrillingly mysterious and sensational stories such as "Captain Shannon," and the remarkable thing is that in each of these widely different kinds of work he is equally successful, perhaps because he brings to each the same qualities of daring imagination, of inventive fertility, and the same conscientious thoroughness of craftsmanship. Certainly, it is rare to find a sensational novel so carefully and well written as "The Dumpling" is; rare, too, to find one so brilliantly unconventional both in matter and in treatment. It is a story that works out fully and definitely a thought that must often have been vaguely in the minds of many of us: Why is it that the myriads of London's poor submit to be pinched and sweated, or go unemployed, and starve and die so patiently, when their sufferings ought to make them desperate, and their numbers, if they rose in revolt, adequately armed and led, would make them irresistible? The difficulty, of course, is that they have no leader of military genius, and are unarmed. In "The Dumpling," Mr. Kernahan shows what happens when these deficiencies are supplied. From the prologue, where Max Rissler, trespassing on a private lake afloat in a deserted boat, surprises and is surprised by an indignant young girl who is swimming, you pass to the East End opium den, where you have a first glimpse of the strange, weird Napoleonic autocrat who is planning the great rebellion, and from that point onward to the looting of the Banks, the kidnapping of King Edward VII., his rescue and the restoration of order, every chapter is simply alive with startling incidents and surprises. There isn't a dull page in the book; the whole thing goes with such a rush and a gusto that the most sophisticated reader will find himself held by the excitement and the boldly original developments of it until he has turned the last pages and arrived at the happy ending of it all.

A PRINCESS OF VASCOVY. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Charles Roustaine, heir to the throne of Vascovy, has a gipsy strain in his blood and no love of kingship; he prefers living the careless, adventurous life of a wanderer into unknown parts of the earth, alters his name, gives it out that he is dead, and does not let even his only daughter know of her high lineage. Visiting her at her school in England, on her seventeenth birthday, he is not displeased to find her like-minded with himself: "Father, don't leave me behind again," she urges him. "Take me with you. We two are alone in the world. Why should we not be together? My blood is the same as yours, and the gipsy in me is just as strong as in you. It kills me to stop in one place. I want the whole earth to wander in." She has her way, and goes with him on his wanderings, proving herself a useful and courageous comrade; they have thrilling and hairbreadth escapes in strange and barbarous countries; meet with a man who has been a contented prisoner amongst a tribe of savages until their arrival, but, helping them to escape, he escapes with them, and her father dying of his wounds, she presently marries this new friend; and later, when he, too, has come to an end of his wild career, she obeys the letter he has left with her, and goes to Vascovy with her little son, to find the country in a state of active rebellion against the tyrant who rules it. As soon as her identity is known, it is recognised that her son is the rightful heir to the throne, the rebels espouse his cause, but she and he fall into the hands of the reigning monarch, and are enveloped in clouds of intriguing, and terrors of kidnapping, and of death. It is a brisk, exciting story, written with all that cunning in the construction and working out of a startling sensational plot of which Mr. Oxenham is a past master.

THE PILLAR OF CLOUD. By Francis Gribble. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

The underlying theme of this rather powerful story, or study of social problems, is the drab life of girls in London who have to work for their living. Stonor House, in which the heroine and her friends lodge, so far from being a home, is viewed by them as a temporary prison, and a little club is formed, called "The Way Out" Club, whose discussions are devoted to the practical problem of how to rise above the monotonous, joyless drudgery associated with the boarding-house. Marriage, directly or indirectly, is the loophole of escape for most. But Bella, the heroine, in her natural quest of brightness, follows a pillar of cloud which is not accompanied by a strict observance of the seventh commandment; the *demi-monde* is for a while her promised land, yet in her case the author evidently sees no hope of ultimate peace and relief except in a vague theosophic release from the weary wheel of life. Her adventures are sketched with realistic incisiveness. She is another Tess or Esther Waters, and, if the ending of the book leaves her in life, the pathos of her experiences and outlook is none the less touching. Her lovers, as well as her girl-friends, are admirably drawn. Their variety of character, indeed, relieves the picture of what is in many respects an unpleasant and poignant subject.

THE LADY EVELYN. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

One takes up a new novel by Mr. Max Pemberton confident that it will be really new, and unlike any he has given us before. His imagination seems tireless in the invention of fresh mysteries and ingenious complications, and whether he places his scenes in England, in Russia, France, Germany, or the remoter, lesser known regions, he has the gift of making his characters interestingly alive, and of investing his story with an air of probability that adds a charm and a thrill to the perils and adventures of it. All this the story of the Lady Evelyn confirms and strengthens. The Earl of Melbourne was a nobleman with a rich and varied past, and nemesis came to him from the hands of the gipsy relations of his wife. The plot grows in intensity until the Earl appears to have only the alternative of exposure or assassination. The tangle is loosed by his daughter's love story, which is one of great freshness and charm. Mr. Pemberton's admirers will agree that this is one of the most original and delightful romances he has ever written.

FISHERMAN'S GAT. By Edward Noble. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Of living novelists who write of the sea with real knowledge, contagious enthusiasm, and undoubted literary skill, the number is small enough to be counted on the fingers of one hand. And of that number Mr. Edward Noble is unquestionably one. "The Edge of Circumstance" was something much more than a brilliant first book. It was a great achievement, and deserves to live as one of the finest presentations in our literature of the romance and tragedy of our merchant service. We can say nothing higher in praise of "Fisherman's Gat" than that it worthily upholds Mr. Noble's reputation. The Gat is the name of a shoal at the mouth of the Thames, and a curse is supposed to rest on ships that are becalmed or stranded there. If we have any quarrel with Mr. Noble it is because he has ridden this superstition rather hard. All the characters in the book are involved in the effects of this curse, and the story is one of unrelieved tragedy. Ultimately the Gat receives its victims, the ill-fated, brutal captain, who is the villain of the play, setting fire to his vessel in drunken fury and plunging in flames into the sea. For our own part we like the parts of the book more than the whole. It contains memorable pictures of the Thames, the equal of which we cannot recall outside some of the novels of Dickens. Grey and grim as the book is, it is full of the mysterious glamour that broods

over the world's greatest waterway. Mr. Noble has not only the knowledge bought of experience: he has the gift of style.

THE EGLAMORE PORTRAITS. By Mary E. Mann. 6s. (Methuen.)

Some of us may prefer Mrs. Mary E. Mann in her more serious moods, but the preference does not in the least mar our keen enjoyment of the delightful and finished art with which she handles such slighter stories as this of "The Eglamore Portraits." It is merely a record of the earlier months of Mr. and Mrs. Eglamore's married life, but it is so cleverly written and so absolutely true that the comedy of its absurdly trivial tragedies sets you laughing, and yet keeps you closely and eagerly interested throughout. Juliet, the bride, is the daughter of very wealthy parents, and when she and her husband return from their honeymoon they find her mother, Mrs. Cummin, waiting to receive them. She has been preparing their home for them, altering all the arrangements that Clarence Eglamore had made there himself, giving away to the servants or stacking in an outhouse many of his cherished ornaments, stowing the valuable oil-paintings of his father and mother under the servants' bed, with an old fender on top of them, and filling their places on the wall with copies of two of Landseer's pictures by a genius related to herself who had sent them as a wedding-present. She rules her own husband and manages her own home, and takes it for granted that she will rule her son-in-law and manage his, and teach her daughter to do both efficiently in her absence. But Clarence is not to be subdued; he resolutely replaces his father's and mother's portraits, damaged though they be by the knobs of the fender, and then the conflict of wills commences in earnest. Juliet is torn between love for her mother and her husband; she has never dared to defy her mother before, and though, partly by firmness, partly by strategy, her husband succeeds in retaining her allegiance, there comes a day when he locks her up to prevent her from going away to Mrs. Cummin. There comes a day too when his obstinacy is so far broken that he removes the portraits from the wall; and another day when it is Juliet herself who re-hangs them in their places of honour. There is some excellent character sketching, and an underlying seriousness here and there that edges even the broadest farce of it with something of significance.

THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT. By F. Hopkinson Smith. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

A strong emotional interest pervades this tale of life on the American sea-board. The heroine is a noble woman, who bravely incurs suspicion and slander by adopting the illegitimate child of her younger sister. The latter, a shallow, selfish creature, trades on her sister's devotion. But eventually she returns to Barnegat, and the book ends with her sudden exposure. The wreck, by which Mr. Smith gets rid of both the father and the illegitimate son, has a touch of melodrama, and the relations of Max and Lucy are rather hurriedly dismissed. But these are minor blemishes in a high-toned and even brilliant piece of romance. Jane Cobden and Dr. John Cavendish are the central figures. Their relationship, one of mutual trust under a cloud of strain and uncertainty, forms the pivot of the book. The village characters and the sea-faring folk all live. Even Max, the wealthy young American, is convincing, though Mr. Smith has failed to bring out his character with the same precision as in the case of the fashionable and sensuous Lucy. Altogether, the story must be pronounced a sound and well-conceived narrative. It belongs to a rapidly increasing class of American fiction, but it can hold its place with the best.

I KNOW A MAIDEN. By E. Maria Albanesi. 6s. (Methuen.)

Turning, for the nonce, from those intimate studies in country life and character which she has taught us to expect from her, Mme. Albanesi has given us here a Society novel whose scenes are laid for the most part in London, and whose characters are, with few exceptions, sophisticated members of an aristocracy that is in no wise rural. Lady Otterburne, left in embarrassed circumstances on the death of her husband, had been hard put to it to maintain her position in society, and for the sake of her son and daughter had married a vulgar, elderly millionaire, who had returned, a widower, from New Zealand, with his only daughter Sara. On their marriage he had made a will leaving her everything, but later, after he had made her life wretched and they were living on the worst possible terms together, he let her know that he had made a fresh will, leaving nearly all he possessed to his own daughter. When he is on his death-bed, she yields to a desperate temptation and destroys this later document, but he has seen her do it, and maliciously sends her by the nurse a message that darkens all her after years with a dread of discovery. She has no affection for the little Sara Lavington whom she has cheated out of her inheritance, but gives her the poor relation's place in her household, keeping her so much in the background with her governess that the friends of the family never see her, and have almost forgotten her existence. The character of Sara—generous, sensitive, exquisitely emotional—is so subtly and sympathetically drawn that you are made to realise to the full her winning, irresistible charm; and the manner in which it comes to pass that, when the dreaded exposure seems impending, she stands by her stricken step-mother, and helps her to hide her shameful secret, is finely imagined and told with a sure knowledge of humanity and a ripe skill in narrative that should rank its author with the ablest of living novelists.

The Bookman's Table.

MONTHS AT THE LAKES. By Canon Rawnsley. 5s. net. (Maclehose.)

For many years Canon Rawnsley has been writing of lakeland things and lakeland folk, and of sojourners in lakeland, like Wordsworth and the Coleridges. He has published at least six books about them, probably more, and here is another. It is compiled from notes on the appearance of the Lake Country, taken down during the last twenty years, and built into a dozen short articles. These have been swelled to a book of 240 pages, by the addition of other brief essayettes on the sports and feasts of the countryfolk, and on other things likely to interest the tripper from the south, the "foreigner," as we call him in the north. It is fair to assume that the book is addressed to the tripper, for it is impossible to believe that anyone of Canon Rawnsley's judgment would intend it as a piece of serious literature, or that any real North countryman could read it with more enjoyment than he would get from the local guides, to which, indeed, it might make a good commentary. Considered as literature it does not exist; but perhaps, no—certainly it is admirable as a guide-book, better written and more picturesque than the ordinary. It is full of neatly and prettily written observations and reflections on lakeland happenings, for the study of which, Canon Rawnsley, as Vicar of Crosthwaite, has and has made use of excellent opportunities. On a dozen pages there are things that deserve a greater publicity. The paper on local drama, for example, might well have been written at more length, and even lakeland readers would have been grateful for a fuller account of Ald. Hoggart, the Troutbeck playwright who used to ride to the performance of his plays seated triumphantly upon a Troutbeck bull. The Grasmere Rushbearing, the Sports, the Shepherd's Gatherings, and the Hound Trails, a number of interesting things are better and more understandingly described in this book than anywhere else we know. It is a book that the tripper from the South will be the better for having in his pocket. From it he will learn something of the traditions of the land he invades, and so will come to it with more of reverence, and less of that lighthearted vulgarity that sends raucous unmeaning cries to echo from the lakes among the hills, and regards the lake country as a kind of cheap pleasure palace where the visitor is a beneficent God rather than a fortunate worshipper.

WILLIAM STUBBS, BISHOP OF OXFORD. By William Holden Hutton, B.D. 6s. net. (Constable.)

In his seventy-six years there must have been few days on which Dr. Stubbs did not work, and work with all the enthusiasm of one to whom the accumulation of especial knowledge was a favourite recreation. By those who were

honoured with his friendship, the late Bishop of Oxford was felt to be one of the simplest of men. By those who knew him only as the teacher of ecclesiastical history, he was felt to be the greatest historian of his age. And it is his personal simplicity and, at the same time, his intellectual value which Mr. Hutton has well succeeded in impressing in this illuminating book. The present volume is a careful abridgment of the "Letters" published a few years ago, with a certain amount of new material, and a very acceptable list of Bishop Stubbs's complete works. Born on historic ground, and bred among surroundings steeped in historic interest, William Stubbs browsed among charters and tracts and manuscripts of all kinds, and searched into the past, from his childhood till his death; and it is a strenuous, thorough, and entirely lovable life which Mr. Hutton has revealed to us through this collection of letters which he has knit together with such admirable skill and taste. The earlier volume is still fresh in our memory, and we are glad to welcome this new and less expensive "Life" of a man whose worth will increase instead of diminish as the years pass, for, setting aside the delightful personal influence of Dr. Stubbs and his quiet, strong influence in his Church's work, the fruits of his erudition will prove indispensable to all future students of ecclesiastical history. These "Letters" are full of intimate charm and honest dignity, and Mr. Hutton has performed his difficult and delicate task as if it were, as it certainly must have been, a labour of love.

THOUGHTS ON IMPERIAL AND SOCIAL SUBJECTS. By the Earl and Countess of Meath. (Gardner, Darton and Co., Limited.)

Although a large proportion of the essays contained in this book have already appeared in the magazines and reviews, they have been carefully revised and brought up to date, and, in any case, there are many of the papers which are well worth a second reading. Lord Meath is, perhaps, best known as the originator of the "Empire Day" movement, and certainly he is at his best when dealing with matters of Imperial interest. His Imperialism is essentially sane and moderate; so sane, in fact, that we are really disappointed to find that even his "reasonable patriotism" (to quote the title of one of his essays) occasionally lapses into something like that unctuous rectitude which must jar upon all but the perfervid Jingo. "How to 'Mend' the House of Lords" is an admirably broad-minded and temperate contribution which is particularly apposite just now, and the same may be said of his views upon the Universal Military Training of British Lads, in which he takes up the very reasonable standpoint that "if every lad were trained to arms and taught that it was his duty, if necessary, to come forward and volunteer for the service of his country, he would think twice before he went to a music-hall and waved a British flag with a view to creating a war simply and solely for the sake of glory. He would have to take part in that war, and he would think twice before he rushed into it." Another welcome sign of Lord Meath's sane and practical Imperialism (though it is included in the "social" section of his book) is his plea for adequate school teaching of colonial history and geography. One of the most common complaints made by colonials is the appalling ignorance of the average Briton as to his over-sea possessions and dependencies, and though the particular instances of such ignorance selected by Lord Meath refer only to elementary schools, still there is a sting in the words, "It appears to me very much more important that a British subject should be acquainted with the British Empire than that he should be an expert in all the geographical details of Germany and France," which will be (or ought to be) felt in other more pretentious institutions of learning. The contributions by Lady Meath are concerned entirely with social work performed by women, especially in Morocco, of which, as an eye-witness, she gives a vivid and charming picture.

CIRCUIT COMPANIONS. By Henry Potts. 6s. (Wellby.)

There is distinct originality in the idea of combining into a novel both a story of the Turf and the career of a young barrister, and in "Circuit Companions" Mr. Henry Potts has shown us that the combination can make an excellent book. The drama centres for the most part round Bilton Grange, the Yorkshire home of that fine old sportsman and racehorse breeder, James Pocklington, M.P. The real hero of the book is, however, Fred Paterson, a rising young barrister with a passion for the Turf which threatens to ruin his career. He goes on a visit to Pocklington, and is mainly instrumental in procuring the dismissal of Pocklington's trainer, Captain Dick Dryden, who is carrying on a *liaison* with Mrs. Pocklington, and whom he discovers by chance to have been ruining his master's horses to suit his own and Mrs. Pocklington's book. Complications, however, ensue, owing to his falling in love with Susan Mannering, a school friend of Miss Pocklington, who, having seen her father ruined by racing, will have nothing to do with him so long as he bets. Paterson writes announcing his resolve to forswear the Turf, but unluckily is seen with Pocklington's jockey in town, whom in reality he was trying to pump in view of an action which Dick Dryden is bringing for wrongful dismissal, and so, owing to fresh misunderstandings, Paterson breaks his resolve, goes to Newmarket, and then is again detected, and so on. In the end, however, the tangle comes out straight. Paterson makes a brilliant speech at the trial, and at last has a chance of explaining to Susan how he came to continue his connection with the Turf after declaring to her that he would give it up. Paterson is decidedly the best character in the book, and his career is an excellent study of a man who is saved from himself by affection for a good woman. There is a breezy jollity, too, about both Pocklington and Jack Hambro, the "circuit companion" who marries Maud Pocklington. But with these exceptions, there is not so much an attempt at character-drawing as at presenting a tale full of incidents. The pictures of the various race-meetings are very pleasing, and the story of the trial is so well done that one is left wondering whether the author is a sporting barrister or a sportsman with something more than an outside knowledge of the law. In any case, the book is both wholesome and entertaining.

A SHORT HISTORY OF WALES. By Owen M. Edwards. 2s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Owen Edwards was certainly the right man for a short history of Wales. He is familiar with the sources of Welsh history, and his scholarship is only equalled by the patriotism which he has shown in a hundred quiet and enduring ways. He has imagination, without which a story so tangled and indefinite could never be made to assume any kind of completeness and unity. And more than any living Welsh writer he combines these gifts, if not with a great style, yet with a generous and discreet command over English words. The result of these gifts was handsomely shown in his "Wales," a book that must rank at present with Green's "Short History," when we take into consideration the difficult and half-grown and traditionless study of Welsh history. This new "Short History," written especially for those who have never read any Welsh history before, is a masterly copy in miniature of that book. It is not an abridgment, for there is nothing niggardly about it. It is the larger book, stripped of everything that is not essential to the forming of a stimulating first impression of Welsh history. It is, all through, Mr. Edwards's interpretation of the meaning of Wales and of Welsh thoughts and actions, put simply, a little confidently perhaps, but with a vigour and clearness, and, above all, a spiritual sense, which will make the book a great boon to those who have not yet studied the Welsh and Latin sources. At the end, there is a five-page outline of Welsh political history, and six necessary genealogical tables, and there are five maps. And now, will not Mr. Edwards give us, or, as he well might, inspire, a selection and translation of the origins of Welsh history on the model of Stubbs's "Select Charters"?

THE VOYAGE ON THE "SCOTIA." By Three of the Staff. 21s. net. (Blackwood.)

Art and Science are apt to look slightingly upon Commerce, but, as a fact, they both owe more to the exigencies of business than they are willing to admit. Shakespeare would never have written his plays if he had not first needed money and then become part-proprietor of a theatre and wanted good dramas to act in it; and we should not yet know so much about the natural history, the geology, the climatic and magnetic conditions of the Arctic region had it not been that, in the interests of commerce, it was worth

while dispatching so many expeditions in the hope of discovering and opening up a North-West Passage. Because commerce has had no similar advantages to gain from discoveries in the South, the Antarctic regions have received little attention from explorers until comparatively recent years. Since Captain Cook crossed the Antarctic Circle in 1773, no important expedition was sent to the South Pole till Captain Ross followed in Cook's track, and went farther, with his two ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, in 1839-43. Since then several expeditions have been sent out by various nations, and the latest of these was that made in the *Scotia*, an essentially "Scottish Expedition," under the leadership of Mr. William S. Bruce, F.R.S.E. To the present volume Mr. Bruce contributes only a prefatory note; he leaves the writing of "a faithful account of the life and work of the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition" to three of his comrades, Messrs. R. N. Rudmose Brown, R. C. Mossman, and J. H. Harvey Pirie, who have fulfilled their task with such notable ability that their book is at once a valuable record of scientific research and observation and a thrilling story of perilous adventure in those "undiscovered deserts where the snow lies." The authors seem to anticipate that the average reader may not find the book exciting enough, and diffidently apologise in their foreword for not having been "more frequently at death's door during the two years of the *Scotia's* voyage," but you will find that they were at it often enough, and went through dangers and hardships more than enough to keep the mere reader closely and intensely interested, and to have been able to add, as they add here, to our scientific and general knowledge of a wonderful and hardly accessible part of the world is, after all, much more of an achievement than to have been more risky and have reaped a larger harvest of sensational but unserviceable narrow escapes. The volume is furnished with three admirable maps, and illustrated with numerous photographs.

FROM FOX'S EARTH TO MOUNTAIN TARN. By M. Crawford. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Mr. Crawford is that rare and welcome thing, a sportsman who thinks and can write; and if, in these days, it can be admitted that a sportsman may be a naturalist, he is one, for he really seems to combine the sympathy and inspired curiosity of a naturalist with the sportsman's robust enjoyment of difficulty and a little blood. But were he far more aggressive than he is in his love of sport, there need be no question about judging, let alone of condemning him, since he has the saving grace of personality, so very rare still in outdoor books. He is worth reading for his observation alone. His senses are keen, and, what is more, he has an eye for what is fresh and characteristic, and a pen that does his bidding well. He is chary of description, especially of the description that competes with paint; yet he has a way of arranging little natural details, with just a tinge of emotion, that is delightful, thus:—

"The characteristic croak comes down from a heron flapping home to the heronry. The notes of a thrush singing midsummer-eve vesper in some distant wood die down. The sedge-warbler chatters on. The grey voles are hard to make out. Small trout no longer rise. Yet the gleam refuses to die out of the sky, or from the surface of the water.

"Moths, indistinguishable from trout on my cast, are flitting about, undisturbed, in the still air, and startlingly visible in the light that blots out all other life. Attracted by the pale radiance, as of a low burning taper, they hit the face with a palpable impact.

"The shadow of the far bank broadens and deepens. Along the edge of the shadow, silent rings break and spread over the water, lit with the fading yet fadeless afterglow. In humpy pasture, the land rises into a broken crest. A belt of saffron sky lies along the purple ridge."

Yet his book does not depend upon description or even on his contribution to the natural history of Scotland; but rather upon the reflection—admirable, as it happens—which the book gives of a vivid and intelligent man's life among some of the richest wild country that is left in our islands. His animals are the wild cat, marten, polecat, fox, otter, and watervole; his birds include eagle, peregrine, tern, and snipe; and in dealing with them, he is the man who has gone out to hunt and has stayed to watch and learnt to love; he prefers the gun to the glass perhaps, because he has something of the savage in him luckily, but he would, like Jefferies, be content with a wheel-lock. If he has a moral, it is that sport is bracing to "pursuer and pursued," accepting the position that if the lion will not lie down with the lamb, then we need not make haste to lie down with the lion. He does not call upon us to agree with him, but, whatever our creed, we must enjoy him, because of his own hearty enjoyment, his intelligent vision, and his vivid pen.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

There is always an eager public for Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey's books, and **No Friend Like a Sister** (6s.) will, we prophesy, be in many a library list during the coming months, and on many a table among the Christmas presents later on. Miss Carey might have named her new novel "No Friend Like a Sister-in-Law," for poor little Bride Gresham, who had refused to accompany her young husband on his missionary work in Africa, found firm friends in two of his sisters, whatever may have been her difficulties with the rather aggressive Augusta, the eldest of the three new relatives. It is a pretty, touching romance which Miss Carey weaves out of these girls, and the Nursing Home of St. Monica, and the various circles with which their own lives come in contact. Parents and guardians have learned by this time that Miss Carey may be thoroughly trusted to write a wholesome and captivating story, suitable for any young person; and while turning its pages for sampling purposes, they inevitably fall before its charm themselves.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

In **The Tea-Planter** (6s.) there is a decided cleavage between Mrs. F. E. Penny's writing about people in India and her writing about people in England. Fortunately there is very little of the latter and plenty of the former, and in consequence we get a clever story of English life in a foreign land, with atmosphere and observation in it—a story which the first pages of the first chapter would never lead us to expect. The chronicle of Andine Stratton's life with the Angus Smiths in Ceylon is amusing and at the same time seriously interesting, and her exchange of lovers and retention of her wealth forms a pleasant theme, which is handled with skill and insight. **The Tea-Planter** deserves a better start than the amateurish, stereotyped one of the first few pages.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

In her new volume, **Rachel the Outsider** (6s.), Mrs. H. H. Penrose gives us another of her clever, searching novels of character. As in "The Unequal Yoke," she expends her chief care upon the delineation of one woman's nature, and she does it with a tender and true analysis. In this story we follow Rachel, the heroine, from her childhood as an orphan in her uncle's house, through girlhood to womanhood, with all the struggles and developments and brilliancies of an unusual personality. Some of the best chapters are descriptive of the school life into which Rachel was plunged, at her own wish; they tell of the daily life, the friendships, the phases, the fashions which crept into, or stormed into, the succeeding months at Rose Hill School. But, naturally, it is with Rachel the woman that the story is most concerned, her love and her fame. It is a final claim to our praise that Mrs. Penrose allows the book to end happily. It would have been the one violence if it had not.

MR. JOHN HOGG.

"Flowers, Plants, and Fishes, Birds, Beasts, Flyes, and Bees,
Hils, Dales, Plaines, Pastures, Skies, Seas, Rivers, Trees,
There's nothing neere at hand, or farthest sought,
But with the needle may be shap'd and wrought."

And from this quotation Mrs. Archibald H. Christie, in **Embroidery and Tapestry Weaving** (6s. net), goes on to give in practical fashion full and lucid instructions by which the loveliest and most intricate embroideries may be made by hand, and all or more than the above-named beauties may be with the needle "shap'd and wrought." A chapter on tools, appliances and materials makes a good sensible beginning to this quite fascinating book, and then a very necessary and encouraging chapter on designs and designing leads on to stitches, and methods, and innumerable details. It is an inspiring volume, touching incidentally, and in a most interesting manner, on some of the famous specimens of needlework in the world, and tacitly encouraging needlewomen to attempt great and lasting achievements with the needle in the future. The illustrations are apt, clear and sufficient.

MESSRS. C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

With the aid of the useful and practical little guide to modern Tubal Cains, **Metal Work**, by George Day (1s.), the veriest novice could in a short time become sufficiently skilled in iron, brass, zinc, and copper work, to make numberless beautiful and useful articles of each metal. Beginning with the history of metal work, the reader is soon carried on to the purely practical side of the matter, such as the correct names by which various metals are known, what they are, and what their uses and cost. Next we come to the tools really necessary to the beginner, and their prices, the methods of drawing, transferring, and copying the patterns; and so by degrees to the general working; after which we proceed by easy stages to the more elaborate and skilled work of copper

modelling, working in brass, etching on metals, bent iron work, and the rest; and all so clearly and simply told, that the most ignorant reader cannot fail to grasp the lesson. To the amateur who has no opportunity of attending schools or classes, this little book should be invaluable.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Christian Cunninghame went out from England to Canada to an old uncle who had, earlier in his life, prospected for silver-lead and found it. Christian was an orphan, and when she reached the old man, he taught her all he knew about mining. Then his own silver-lead lode dwindled away to nothing, and the old man died broken-hearted. But before he died, he gave all his money to his niece, Christian, and made her promise to devote her life to finding the lost lode. The story of **The Girl and the Man** (6s.) which the ever-popular Curtis Yorke tells, is concerned with Christian Cunninghame and the man who buys the claim on which the lost lode is likely to be found. Readers may think they know all about such a story before they begin it, but Curtis Yorke knows exactly how to make a likely theme buzz with excitement and attract by many charms. It is true that the ending *is* happy, but much water runs under the bridge before that time, and the circumstances which happen during that time make a pretty romance.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.

Cornish Notes and Queries, edited by "Peter Penn," were begun in the columns of *The Cornish Telegraph,* in January, 1903, and have since appeared there every week. Many who found in them a perfect mine of information, which could nowhere else be found, demanded, and rightly, that the "notes" should be rescued from the files of the newspaper and given a more permanent form. They now form a volume which no Cornishman who loves his county and her history and traditions, should be without. Antiquities, folklore, biography, topography, epitaphs, language and dialect, humorous stories, eccentricities of many kinds—all are recorded here. We are promised more volumes in the series of which this is the first, and we trust the promise may be fulfilled.

Reprints and New Editions.

An interesting inclusion in Messrs. George Bell and Sons' "York Library" is the set of Barchester Novels, by Anthony Trollope. There are six of these, and the first, **The Warden** (2s. net), sets off with a most interesting and delightfully-descriptive Introduction by Frederic Harrison, who himself foretold, many years ago, the renewed favour which would be bestowed in the present century upon Trollope's best work. To scores of us who account ourselves "bookish" people, the name of Mrs. Proudie is yet but a name; this fact denotes an omission, and an omission which can now be rectified at small cost. **Barchester Towers** (2s. net), the second volume in the set, is also already published, and this neat, tasteful edition, with its clear type and excellent "lie-open" quality is a capital one with which to begin an acquaintance with one who was, after all, a noted writer of the mid-Victorian period.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have just issued a charming pocket edition of **Dante's Purgatory and Paradise** (3s. net). It is Carey's translation, enriched with critical and explanatory notes, and illustrated with Doré's designs. The paper is commendably opaque, and the leaves easy to turn, and the type is clear and pleasant. Altogether, in its pretty leather binding, this is a very desirable and inexpensive form in which to read and possess the great poems.

A noticeable series of the poets is "The Golden Poets," now issuing from the publishing house of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, and edited by Oliphant Smeaton. We have just received the **Poems of Spenser** (2s. 6d. net), and are very much pleased with the scheme and the carrying out of this inexpensive set of books. For this particular volume, Mr. W. B. Yeats has undertaken the selection and has written an Introduction. Few, if any, could have brought a more entire sympathy to the work or have done it better. The Introduction is full of fresh thought, illuminative phrasing, and thorough understanding. It is a poet writing of another poet's nature and achievement; and at the same time giving salient touches which revive the period when the earlier poet lived and achieved. A striking portrait of Spenser forms the frontispiece, and there are coloured illustrations in the volume, which reveal very fine work whether we consider them truly Spenserian or not.

The second edition of **A Manual of Historic Ornament** (6s.), treating of the evolution, tradition, and development of architecture and the applied arts, published by Mr. B. T. Batsford, has been carefully revised by the author, Mr. R. Glazier, and now forms a very complete and helpful guide for students and craftsmen. The subject of architecture has been considerably amplified, and made more comprehensive by the addition of fresh illustrations. The section dealing with the applied arts has also been enlarged, and the result is a most thoroughly useful and delightful piece of work, packed full of the information students, and even those who are not *bonâ-fide* students, most require, and with illustrations which leave nothing to be desired. The manual was prepared with the threefold object of giving an elementary knowledge of architecture and historic ornament, of awakening a responsive and sympathetic feeling for the many beautiful and valuable remains of ancient and mediæval civilisation, and lastly of directing the attention of students and craftsmen to the beauty, suggestiveness and vitality of the industrial arts of the past. The advantages to be derived from such a study are innumerable. The illustrations are typical examples of each period and style; and to make the book complete there is at the end of it a list of text-books and works of reference, which the student will find it to his advantage to study.

New Books of the Month.

SEPTEMBER 10TH TO OCTOBER 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABBOTT, EDWIN A.—Silanus, the Christian ... (A. and C. Black)

BAILLIE, J. B.—An Outline of the Idealistic Construction of Experience, 8s. 6d. net ..... (Macmillan)

BAYNES, HERBERT, M.R.A.S.—The Way of the Buddha, 2s. net ..... (John Murray)

In small compass is here given a concise and clear account of the great Eastern sage, Buddha. The volume is one of the fascinating series of little volumes named "The Wisdom of the East," in which we can study the depth and the glamour of Eastern thought, and follow the influence of the religion, and trace its likeness to and dissimilarity from other religions of the world.

Book by Book. Popular Studies on the Canon of Scripture, 5s. net ..... (Virtue and Co.)

BRIERLEY, J., B.A.—Religion and Experience, 6s. (James Clarke)

CLIFFORD, JOHN.—The Ultimate Problems of Christianity, 6s. (Kingsgate Press)

A volume containing the eight lectures delivered by Dr. Clifford at Regent's Park College this year. It forms a record of faith and experience, and is intended to help all men and women who are called upon to face doubt and questionings. From the Christianity of Christ to His supremacy it ranges and guides.

Expository Times, The. Vol. XVII., 7s. 6d. ... (T. and T. Clark)

FRAZER, J. G., D.C.L., Litt.D.—Adonis Attis Osiris: Studies in the History of Oriental Religion, 10s. net ... (Macmillan)

FRENCH, FREDERIC G.—A Companion to Thomas à Kempis and the Imitatio Christi, 1s. net ..... (E. Marlborough)

GORE, G., F.R.S.—The New Scientific System of Morality, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Watts and Co.)

HARRIS, W. R.—Through Darkness to the Dawn of the First Day of the Week ..... (Stockwell)

JUPP, W. J.—The Religion of Nature and of Human Experience, 2s. net ..... (Philip Green)

That the more we realise the immensity of the universe the less we fear it and its laws, is one of the facts impressed by Mr. Jupp in this attractive and sincerely thoughtful volume. "We are dwellers on a star," but as Mr. Jupp says, "we ourselves are a part of the mystery," and "the conception of life as a whole—as a vital and essential Unity—sustains and reassures us." The work of other nature-writers is sympathetically quoted and dwelt upon.

MILLER, J. R., D.D.—The Garden of the Heart, 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)

"MONK, A."—A Little Book of the Inner Life, 1s. net. (Sands)

POWELL, FRANCIS E., M.A.—The Unified Gospel. (A Written Tetramorph.) 3s. 6d. net ..... (H. J. Drane)

Sermons by Unitarian Ministers. Second Series, 1s. 6d. net (Philip Green)

SWETE, HENRY BARCLAY, D.D.—The Apocalypse of St. John. Greek Text. With Introduction, Notes, etc., 15s. (Macmillan)

WESTCOTT, BROOKE FOSS, D.D., D.C.L.—Saint Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians: The Greek Text. With Notes and Addenda, 10s. 6d. ..... (Macmillan)

NEW EDITIONS.

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Book by Book, 5s. net ..... (Virtue and Co.)

A reprint of the popular studies on the Canon of Old Testament Scripture, written by such men of eminence and scholarship as the Bishops of Worcester and Ripon, Professors James Robertson, A. B. Davidson, and others.

CARPENTER, J. ESTLIN, M.A., D.Litt.—The First Three Gospels, 6d. net. (British and Foreign Unitarian Association)

DOLLINGER, JOHN, J. I., D.D., D.C.L.—The Gentile and the Jew. Translated by N. Darnell, M.A. In two volumes. Vol. II., 12s. net ..... (Gibbings and Co.)

DRUMMOND, HENRY.—The Will of God, 1s. net (Hodder and Stoughton)

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MACKENZIE, JOHN S.—Outlines of Metaphysics, 4s. 6d. (Macmillan)

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FICTION.

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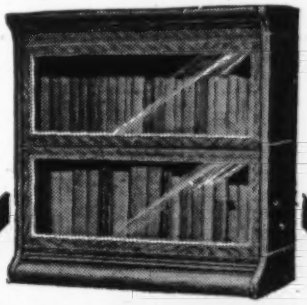

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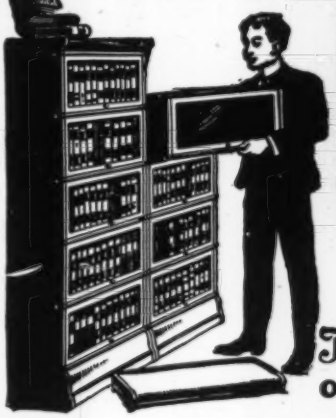

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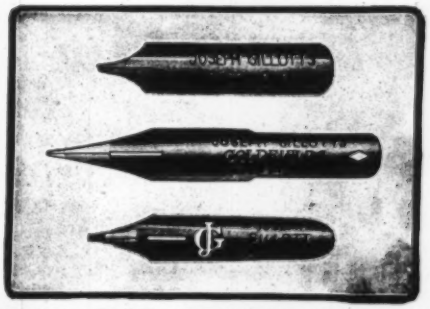

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